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ssages from the Autobiography of a Shakespeare Student.

By R. M. THEOBALD, M.A.

*Passages from the
Autobiography of a Shakespeare
Student.*

BY

R. M. THEOBALD, M.A., &c.,
Author of
“Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light,” &c.

“To read Shakespeare’s Works, even superficially, is entertainment ;
To linger over them lovingly and admiringly, is enjoyment ;
To study them profoundly, is wisdom, moral and intellectual.”

Mary Cowden Clarke.

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REMINISCENCES.

I.—INTRODUCTION.

A LETTER from one of my most valued correspondents has given me much pleasure and more surprise by the following suggestion :—“ It would be interesting if you will write some memories of all the remarkable people you have consorted with. Such a record could not fail to be of value.” I will not give his name ; it is one well known all over the world, and my reminiscences must include him among the rest ; but I dare not run the risk of doing any injury to his high reputation by associating him with a work which may not contain much that he would value, and may contain much that he would repudiate. He might regret having given me the impulse. The suggestion is not entirely new ; it has faintly flashed across my own mind that I might add my own name to the ever-increasing number of those who narrate their experiences. And a very intelligent lady, Mrs. Ernest Brown, of New York, who has been for many years interested in all I have written on the Baconian controversy, gave me the same advice two or three years ago. But I distrusted my own ability to record anything that would be permanently valuable, until the letter from which I have quoted came ; and then I began to jot down the names of those who might enter into my list, and was almost surprised at the large number (over 100) that immediately presented themselves, and the number is still increasing. So that each fresh record calls up to memory other names more or less distinctly associated with those already registered. So I resolved to make the attempt. And here is the result.

II.—NEW COLLEGE.

My life has been a very chequered one. All family traditions and influences seemed to pronounce theology and the work of a dissenting minister as my vocation, and for this I was prepared by early education and first collegiate study. But destiny decided otherwise. My career was rudely and roughly altered soon after I entered a college—that at St. John’s Wood—for the

training of students for the dissenting ministry. My orthodoxy was impeached, and I was civilly requested to withdraw or accept the alternative of expulsion. I preferred the latter, and in 1852 published a pamphlet relating to the "removal" of three students from New College, St. John's Wood. My companions in expulsion were not among those of most feeble intellectual capacity, or slightest promise of distinction, but much the reverse. One of them, William Hale White, is widely known by his pen name of "Mark Rutherford." His father was editor of a Bedford paper, and he, too, published a volume of his own personal experiences and recollections. He wrote a pamphlet in reference to our expulsion, with the very appropriate motto from *Julius Cæsar* :—

" Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous."

The other expelled student was Frederick Meriton White, who became a journalist—no relation of W. H. W. He was the son of a ship-builder at Portsmouth. His sister (Jessie Meriton White) when she married became Signora Mario, a friend of Garibaldi, and associated with him both in work and suffering, for her political activity was at one time rewarded with imprisonment. I was very much attached to her; her influence was very strong, but tended more to more active intellectual work and study than to the tender passion; yet some of our friends made interesting prophecies as to more domestic issues to our friendship. But this was not to be. When I married it was not to a literary or political lady devoted to books and schemes of national emancipation. The grey mare in that case might have proved the better horse. I selected a lady after my own heart—sweet and attractive, but not particularly gifted in any way.

I knew both Mr. W. H. White and F. M. White in their homes at Bedford and Portsmouth. I visited Portsmouth many times, and preached for Mr. Chignell, who was minister of the Independent Chapel there. He was what is termed an "advanced" thinker. Indeed, he advanced beyond the limits of Christian belief, and became almost a deist. Among his hearers were many highly intellectual young men who were studying naval architecture at the dockyard, among them Sir Nathaniel Barnaby and Sir Edwin Reed, afterwards M.P. and chief constructor of the navy, both well known for their work in naval construction. Both became near neighbours of mine at Blackheath, and I often visited them, and had conferences with them on my own personal interests in the medical pro-

fession. When Sir Edwin first called on me asking me to attend to his daughter, he reminded me of an interesting (as he considered it) discussion on paradoxes which I had given at Portsmouth when preaching from the words, "When I am weak then am I strong." The text itself is a paradox, and my discourse on paradoxes showed that Christianity itself is a religion of paradoxes. The Christian evangelist works by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report, as deceivers and yet true, as unknown and yet well-known, as dying and behold, we live, as sorrowful yet always rejoicing, as poor yet making many rich, as having nothing and yet possessing all things; and the 7th and 8th chapters of the Romans abound in paradoxes. The world is governed by self-contradictory actions and facts. One of the greatest benefactors of humanity is Pontius Pilate, who crucified Jesus Christ, and by the very act conferred the greatest good on humanity. The worst evil produces the highest benefit to humanity.

He was interested in my "Studies," but protested very strongly against the first sentence, in which I speak of Bacon as greatest and Shakespeare also as greatest in literature. I reminded him that I was a chartered libertine in paradoxes, but this did not pacify him. He was a generous and gifted man, not particularly devoted to orthodox Christian faith—indeed, more inclined to agnosticism. At his house I met the poet Philip James Bayley, the author of "Festus."

Mr. Chignell afterwards moved to Exeter, where he preached and lectured for some years. His sermons and lectures generally contained some reference to Carlyle or Goethe or Emerson or Jean Paul Richter. His heterodoxy made him very unacceptable to the wealthy gentleman who had founded the chapel and endowed it, and when Mr. Chignell spontaneously resigned, knowing how distasteful his theology was to the orthodox patron of this dissenting benefice, he sent Mr. Chignell a cheque for £100.

III.—NEW COLLEGE PROFESSORS.

The indictment of our orthodoxy was made by the Principal of the College, Dr. John Harris, well known as the author of various works. One of these was a prize essay on the use and abuse of money—"Mammon" was its title. Dr. Harris wrote in a fluent, easy style, with well-rounded sentences, and what he wrote was generally valued, and deservedly so, by the denomination to which he belonged. But there was no exceptional ability either in the matter of his teaching or the style in which it was communicated. He was neither a poet nor a philosopher; his theological prelections contained no research—nothing to bring

them *en rapport* with history, or antiquity, or literature. They were cobweb creations of his own brain, and no one hearing them could find out whether he had ever read any of the Christian Fathers, or any standard work in theology or general literature.

The classical teaching at New College was of a much higher order, being presided over by Dr. William Smith, whose classical dictionaries are of world-wide reputation, and his brother, Philip Smith, equally learned and accomplished. Lectures on the Greek Testament were given by Mr. Godwin, and they were valuable, but quite as self-originated as those of Dr. Harris. Hebrew was taught by Professor Nenner, a very learned German and a good scholar. I think the quality of his teaching was somewhat depressed and its value deteriorated by the atmosphere of the College where he taught. But he remained my valued friend to the last, and I hardly think he approved of our expulsion. After I had embraced another vocation I frequently met him, and I was not a little surprised by his gentle suggestion when he paid me a wedding visit, that I must admit, on reviewing my College experiences, that I had been very unwise, not sufficiently conciliatory, and that my fate was not entirely undeserved. I was sincerely sorry that I could not assent to his views, and now, after sixty years, I am still impenitent. But such proceedings could not take place now. The *Zeitgeist* has shed his light even into the unillumined recesses of dissenting colleges, and the heresy of a former generation has become the orthodoxy of later times. Reverence and piety are not less; but a broader theology and a deeper philosophy has created not only tolerance but sympathy with beliefs which were so fiercely denounced when I was a student. Professor Nenner, among other accomplishments, was a musician and a good pianist, and I recall with pleasure my first acquaintance with Beethoven's lovely Andante in F major, Op. 35, played with excellent vigour and feeling by Professor Nenner.

IV.—EARLY LIFE.

But I am far on in my autobiographical memories before I have made a beginning. I have skipped infancy, childhood and boyhood and, unlike Cupid, who was always a child, have stepped into existence like Minerva, from the brow of Jupiter, full grown as soon as born. I must retrace my steps and make a fresh start.

I was born at Birmingham, November 28th, 1829. I have learnt that the great pianist and composer, Rubenstein, was born on the same day and the same year. Perhaps the star of Terpsichore was then in the ascendant, and the gift of music was

bestowed on all those born on that day. For though this gift was not so abundantly granted to me as to Rubenstein, yet in my humble way I, too, was born a musician and my household divinities have been the classic composers, especially and equally Bach and Beethoven. My father held an appointment in a paper warehouse in Birmingham—not a very remunerative position—and when I was three or four years old became connected with the Religious Tract Society and moved to London. I have a dim recollection of travelling from Birmingham to London in a stage coach, for at that time the London and North Western Railway had not advanced so far as Birmingham.

V.—THE MORELL FAMILY.

My mother's maiden name was Morell, and she belonged to a family in which many high qualities were indigenous. The family was originally French—refugees from persecution when the Huguenot massacres occurred, and there is a tradition that one of the soldiers employed in the bloody work was on the point of plunging his sword into the heart of a sleeping infant, but his stroke was arrested by the plea, "Spare the babe! He is not a heretic." That baby became one of our ancestors, and the Huguenot faith and piety has remained in the blood of the Morell family as almost an elementary constituent. My grandfather, Stephen Morell, was a Congregational minister at Little Baddow, Essex, for more than fifty years, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, who held that position for about twenty-eight years. Many monuments in the churchyard, and some tablets in the chapel, commemorate the virtues and endowments of the Morells. Music was one of their gifts. My grandfather had a deep, rich bass voice and good musical feeling, more, however, for melody than harmony. He would sing the melody of the tunes selected for the chapel services two octaves below their natural soprano. His eldest son, Stephen, a year younger than my mother, who was the oldest in the family, died in 1824. He was for a short time settled as a Congregational minister at Exeter, and knew Jackson, the composer of the *Te Deum* and many well-known musical canticles, which my uncle copied. He afterwards moved to Norwich. My mother was his house-keeper, and there she first met my father, who was a Norwich man.

My grandfather had two brothers, Thomas and John. Thomas, after a pastoral life in Suffolk, and as tutor of Wymondley College, became principal of the same college when it was transferred, as Coward College, to Gordon Square, London. He wrote several volumes of history with moral and religious reflections. These books are occasionally to be met with on second-hand

booksellers' shelves. The moral and religious reflections did not materially improve the narrative. Tennyson's "Day-dream," with its moral, applicable as much to theology as art, was not published early enough to reach my great-uncle, who might, in that case, have left the story to tell its own moral—

" And liberal applications lie
In art, like nature, dearest friend ;
So 'twere to cramp its use if I
Should hook it to some useful end."

The other brother of my grandfather, Dr. John Morell, was, perhaps, the best scholar of the three. He became a Unitarian minister, and his son, John Reynell Morell, has made his mark as a translator of Fourier, and author of several educational books. He, too, became a Unitarian minister, but the Huguenot strain seems to have entirely disappeared from his blood. He became a Roman Catholic, and was for a short time Inspector of Catholic Schools in England. He was highly intellectual, but constantly irregular in his professional work, by which he lost his appointment. He resided for many years on the Continent as tutor in noble or royal houses, but he was frequently plunged into deepest poverty, and dependent on the generosity of his more opulent relations, especially my uncle, Dr. J. D. Morell, whose lavish generosity was untiring. His surviving sons live by pen or pencil as journalists or artists. One of them may be generally found in the reading-room of the British Museum. A taste and gift for art is more developed in this section of our family than in any other, but in literary gifts they are not deficient. My cousin, who frequents the British Museum, has given me much valuable help in the research work incidental to my Baconian and Shakespearean studies. His brother is editor of an art journal in Paris. Both of them can write with almost equal facility in English, French, and German. One of them was at a Catholic school in Birmingham, and had frequent interviews with Cardinal Newman, who had pastoral and priestly relations with the school. Catholic ideas and beliefs have not taken a very strong hold even on this branch of our family, and the natural reaction and alternative, agnosticism, has generally succeeded.

VI.—DR. J. D. MORELL.

My grandfather's youngest son was John Daniell Morell, born in 1816, and he is widely known by his writings, both philosophical and educational. After a college course at Homerton and Glasgow and Germany, he became an Independent minister at Gosport, and there he published, in 1846, his work on the "Speculative Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century." For this

he was qualified by a residence in Bonn, where he attended the philosophical lectures of Brandis and Fichte. He wrote other philosophical works, and published four lectures, which I heard him deliver at Glasgow, on the "Philosophical Tendencies of the Age." In 1849 he published what I regard as his best work—that on the "Philosophy of Religion." I owe much to this book. It shaped my elementary philosophical and theological conceptions, and gave them a form and colour which they have always retained. His "Philosophy of Religion" is based on the writings of Schleiermacher, whose definition of religion in its essence as a feeling, and that of absolute dependence, seems to me a true and most vital description of that which is deepest and holiest in our nature. All these works had a temporary use ; they are not likely to take a permanent place in literature, and are now rarely met with.

One happy result of my uncle's earliest philosophical work was that it was the means of securing him an appointment as Inspector of Schools, which was offered to him by Lord Lansdowne. This office he retained for many years, and left it with a retiring pension. He wrote many educational books, especially on grammar, which he regarded as the porch of psychology. For many years he lived at Bowden, near Manchester, and when I visited him there I accompanied him in many of his visits as inspector, and was greatly interested in his grammar examinations, which were really lessons in the philosophy of language. Thus, holding up his pencil he would ask the children, "What part of speech is this ?" and if the reply was, "A noun," he would remind them that a noun is not a thing, but the *name* of a thing ; consequently the pencil was not a part of speech at all. In the musical part of his inspection his rich bass voice could be heard apart from the soprano of a multitude of singing children. For he, too, like the rest of his family, and more than most, was a musician, played the organ and violoncello, not brilliantly, but accurately, and had regular musical evenings at his house, which I frequently attended when they were within reach, especially at Beckenham, and was often installed as leader of the tenors, or accompanist to the glees, madrigals, part-songs, and masses. After his retirement from his work as Inspector he lived at Clapham, Beckenham, Folkestone, and lastly at St. John's Wood. He married Miss Wreford, of Bristol, where her family were prominent in Unitarian circles. Her brother, Henry Wreford, was for many years Italian correspondent of the *Times*. My uncle died, childless, in 1891, after an attack of gradual cerebral *ramollissement*, which lasted ten years—a pathetic close to a life of high intellectual activity. His grave at Folkestone is surmounted by the well-known and pathetic words of Horace, which he had placed there when his wife died ten years before,

"Quis desiderio it pudor aut modus tam cari capit?" After his death I published a small memorial volume. The list of his works at the end of the volume contains twenty-eight original or translated works. His books were much reviewed and highly applauded when they appeared. The best reviews were those by the great and eminent philosopher, Dr. James Martineau, who wrote searching notices both of his history and his "Philosophy of Religion," containing both much praise and some critical dissent. I am inclined to think that Martineau's estimate, both of the faults and deficiencies, as well as the general merits and excellencies of these volumes, is just, as well as profound. Perhaps, for my uncle personally, it was something like a calamity that his books were subjected to the criticism of a greater philosopher than himself, and one equally endowed in the special departments of German philosophy which he had chosen for treatment; for the critical analysis was made by one of the greatest philosophers of all time—one worthy to rank with Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Bacon, Des Cartes, and all the greatest metaphysicians and philosophers—for such I consider Dr. Martineau.

VII.—REV. D. G. BISHOP; DR. JOHN PYE-SMITH.

My father's second daughter, Sophia, married Rev. Daniell Godfrey Bishop, a very learned classical scholar, who became classical tutor at Homerton College, where I often visited him. The principal of this college was the learned and greatly respected Dr. John Pye-Smith, who was also minister of the Old Gravel Pit meeting-house near the college. It was my great delight, as a very small child, to wait, after the service, for the dear and revered doctor, and walk back with him, holding a finger or two of his hand. Dr. Pye-Smith was the author of some theological works which were greatly prized, one of them being entitled, "Scripture Testimony to the Messiah." It was a topic which involved the discussion of many controverted questions, and the doctor, always gentle and tolerant, handled these topics with a gentleness, courtesy, and dignity that was almost apologetic. He had a sort of a deferential way of meeting an opponent, by which the strength of his arguments was somewhat disguised. His son, Ebenezer Pye-Smith, was a medical practitioner. He attended our family during our London life, and was a constant attendant on my mother during her last illness. He, too, was a gentle, amiable man, but very resolute in his medical orthodoxy, and when in after years I met him, when our family had resorted to homœopathic treatment, he tried to convince me of the unsoundness of homœopathy by retailing some of the many exploded stories

about Hahnemann which were current in medical circles. I had not then the necessary knowledge to refute these absurd and calumnious fictions, but I formed a strong impression of our doctor's bigotry and of the *mal-a-propos* nature of his arguments against homœopathy.

Mr. Bishop, my uncle, became subsequently a clergyman of the Church of England and master of an endowed grammar school at Buntingford. It was a pleasant and instructive experience to hear him preach. He generally had a Greek Testament in his pocket, and the exordium of his sermons usually consisted of some illuminating exposition of his text, based on a revised translation from the original Greek. He was also an accomplished musician, played the violin, or viola, or violoncello. His family inherited his musical gifts; they would all play together—three strings, a flute, and the piano, the daughter being the pianist. Their favourite music was Haydn's Symphonies, which they rendered in a very masterly way. My great love for Haydn's orchestral and chamber music originated on these occasions, and now, in old age, these ever charming and melodious compositions, as pianoforte duetts, are favourites with my second daughter and myself; we have twenty-four of them in four bound volumes, as well as the nine symphonies of Beethoven in two other volumes. Some of these we attempt to play, and with some success; but they are of a higher order of music than Haydn's, more intricate, fugal, and embellished, and consequently more difficult in their pianoforte adaptations. Mozart's Symphonies seem intermediate between Haydn's and Beethoven's, and we find intense delight in the Jupiter Symphony, with its grand fugal finale and exquisitely melodious adagio. Others of Mozart's, especially that in G minor, with its extremely chromatic first movement, are included in our repertoire. Being self-taught and untrained, I cannot venture on such music as Chopin's, and most of Schumann's, which can only be rendered by a brilliant performer, well schooled, and after much practice of technical phrases. A self-taught pianist plays only for his own gratification, and his fingering is likely to be unsound. In my own case this was to some extent corrected by long study of Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues, from a fingered edition. For two years I scarcely played anything else, and learnt the whole of these glorious compositions—some of them by heart. I was even daring enough to set one of the fugues to words as an anthem—that in A minor in the first book—the subject of which closely resembles the phrase of a hymn tune. Anyone who knows this fugue will recognise its easy adaptation to the words, "I lift up mine eyes unto the hills—the hills whence cometh aid"; and for the second division, "The Lord shall preserve thee from all ill; He shall preserve thy soul." I have

never succeeded in mastering the whole of these very difficult works, but I learnt to understand them all, and came to regard them as supreme in musical art. Bach and Beethoven seem to me to stand on the pinnacle of musical achievement, quite apart from all the rest, and in scientific skill and allfluence of melody, which pervades all his music, entering into their most interior structure, Bach stands almost alone. But he is caviare to the general. I have known even well-endowed musicians say that they cannot relish Bach's music, and think it too dry and academic to be generally pleasing. Doubtless some patience and study is required before Bach can be appreciated. At first his works seem like a luminous mist in which no distinct form can be recognised. But as you watch, the mist gradually clears off ; angels of high and almost supernatural splendour are seen in the midst of the glory, and a divine voice is heard proceeding from the burning bush of brilliantly shining music.

VIII.—MY MOTHER AND FATHER.

Before taking leave of the Morell family, I may notice that my mother also was gifted in music and played the pianoforte with much taste and some skill. She used to play to me "The Battle of Prague," a piece now forgotten, but then much in vogue. I was charmed with the music, and the various dramatic conceptions involved in it, such as the marching of troops, represented by triplets in the bass, the cries of the wounded, the dismissal to rest, and so on. Much the same kind of dramatic art is to be found in Beethoven's first sonata dedicated to Haydn. Indeed, these sonatas lend themselves largely to such interpretation. *Ex gr.*, the third of Beethoven's Haydn sonatas represents a storm ; we hear the weighing of the anchor, the gradually augmenting movement of the waves in the first movement, a voice of distress constantly interrupted by the noise of the waters (this is the adagio movement), the steady rise and fall of the waves in the minuet and trio, leading in the finale to a swift and prosperous voyage, with a long cadenza while the vessel is weighing anchor, and then triumphantly enters into port. I have little doubt that some such conception as this was in the composer's mind when he wrote. My mother died in 1845 from an attack of pneumonia. Bleeding was then generally resorted to in such cases, and my mother was copiously bled three times. I cannot help but think that this, more than the pneumonia, was the cause of her death. At that time we knew nothing of homeopathy and its more gentle, yet more potent, methods of subduing disease—not killing in order to cure. This might have saved her, for she was only 46 at the time of her death. Her last days were peaceful and even triumphant,

and when she knew that her term was nearly completed she spoke loving farewells and gentle admonitions and exhortations to all around her dying bed. To me she said, "Be a faithful minister of Jesus Christ," for such was then my own aspiration, though at that time the idea seemed to me something like profanation. The reason for this will soon appear.

My father wrote a brief account of her life and last illness, to which he gave the title, "The Fear of Death Removed by the Prospect of Immortality." For my own part, I cannot feel that this fear can be so removed. Anyone who has experienced the *tedium vitae* must feel how intolerable such a feeling would be in an endless life, deprived even of the privilege of suicide. The only conceivable refuge from this is the persuasion that almighty power and infinite wisdom has inexhaustible resources by which motives of action and thought bring into play all that is holiest in our nature, and that this can never fail.

My father used often to preach, especially at the Fleet Prison in Farringdon Street, now abandoned—a prison for debtors. I often joined him in these excursions and acted as precentor for the singing. He sometimes preached on Kennington Common in a tent, and at the Female Penitentiary, Pentonville. I remember nothing of his sermons; I cannot suppose they were particularly exalted in thought or expression, for he was not a deep thinker, and was devoted to a puritanical scheme of life and destiny. I think my expulsion from New College, and later the Rivulet Controversy, which will come into a subsequent section, gave a better and broader tone to his thought, and somewhat unsettled its puritanical conceptions. He was a truly excellent man, skilful and clever in many ways, especially in mechanical inventions. He died in 1867.

IX.—EARLIEST LIFE: BIRMINGHAM—LONDON.

I can recall few incidents of my earliest childhood at Birmingham. My parents were members of the church at Carr's Lane, presided over by the Rev. John Angell James, and from my earliest years the ultra-evangelical and puritanical training inculcated by Mr. James shaped my morality and wakened my aspirations. The theatre was the Gate of Hell; the oratorio was perhaps even worse, for it was regarded as a sort of profanation that sacred music should be performed for the gratification of an audience and sacred words sung by unconverted persons. These ideas were not exactly formulated, but this was the impression inevitably produced by the evangelical teaching and practice of the time. My love of music and my interior sense of its essential sacredness, even if nominally secular, was the first influence that led me to rebel against these restrictions.

In 1816, when I was nearly 17, I visited some old friends at Birmingham, and through the kindness of other friends I was privileged to attend one of the festival performances. Mendelssohn had the day before brought out his "Elijah," and a performance of the lovely quartette, "Holy! Holy!" was substituted for one of the pieces which had to be omitted, and I had the inexpressible gratification of seeing the illustrious composer as he conducted his own quartette. (I may here note that some years afterwards I saw the great composer, Spohr. He was an elderly man, large and burly—something like a country farmer. His intensely chromatic music is always pleasing.) The friends at Birmingham with whom I was staying were much troubled at my being present at such an ungodly performance, for they were staunch disciples of John Angell James. They expressed their disapproval in no measured terms, so much so that I was provoked to exclaim, "Rubbish!" as my irresistible comment on one of their arguments. Still I was not entirely emancipated, and felt there might be some truth in their disapproval. It was not till long afterwards that I perceived that holy things might be contemplated in various ways as suitable not only for prayer and praise, but for admiration and song, as things of beauty and joy, that there may be much religion where there is no worship, and that musical delight and enjoyment is not unholy—is indeed sacred and divine. Moreover, my ideas about conversion were completely altered.

X.—JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

John Angell James was a truly excellent and saintly man, a most earnest and persuasive preacher. But I believe that his influence was, to a large extent—*i.e.*, independently of his own personal religious magnetism—mischievous. When my self-consciousness and religious sentiments were being developed, and I believed, what I had been taught, that above all things conversion was necessary, I had put into my hands Mr. James's book, "The Great Question Answered, or the Anxious Enquirer After Salvation Directed and Encouraged." As the "great question" was, "What must I do to be saved?" it soon occurred to me that this momentous question was originally asked by the Phillipian jailer, and that the craven, terrified caitiff was not thinking of his soul, but of his skin, and that the salvation which he craved was from the danger caused by an earthquake and the shaking walls of his prison, and that the reply of the apostle, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house," was rather irrelevant, and contained an implied rebuke to the terror of the unhappy man, who was only concerned for his own safety, and did not concern himself about

his family. And thus it dawned upon my mind that the question itself is a very ignoble one, even more when it related to the soul than to the body ; that no one can do anything to save himself, and that the apostle's reply removed the anxiety and purified the terror, by bringing the trembling inquirer into the presence of Divine Humanity, when all thoughts of safety were forgotten under the nobler inspiration of divine communion. Mr. James's book was the cause of inexpressible mental agony to me. I tried to follow its directions, to be as penitent and lachrymose as I ought to be, to feel the terrors of perdition impending from which I could be delivered only by an interior vital change, a sort of reconstruction of my nature—a result which I hoped to reach according to the prescriptions of Mr. James's book. But it was all in vain ; I could never assure myself that I was a new creature, and at last I gave it up in despair, hoping that some flash of divine influence might reach me, as it did St. Paul on his way to Damascus, and that in this way the necessary change would be produced. And so I drifted till more mature thought and riper philosophy taught me that life itself is a process of conversion, beginning with simple physical experiences and ending in a full development of nature, physical, intellectual, moral and religious, and that no *ictus* of Divine interposition would be granted to supersede the entire discipline of life, and concentrate into a moment the result only to be attained by a life-long, gradual process. Some years after, when I was a student for the ministry, and visiting friends in Wolverhampton, I met Mr. James, and we walked together, arm-in-arm, to the chapel where he was to preach. He then urged me, and my companion and fellow-student, to remember that the one object of preaching was to "save souls." He did not say what this salvation means, from what peril souls are to be delivered, or how preaching of any kind could effect such a momentous result. I had, however, by that time learnt how unreal all these dogmas are, and how inevitably productive of despair, or of infidelity, contempt and disgust. To me now it seems that Mr. James's book should have been entitled, "The Anxious Enquirer After Personal Safety Driven to Despair."

While, however, insisting on the fact that sudden conversion is rare and exceptional, I would not be understood to deny that it does occur. Anyone who reads Mr. Harold Begbie's remarkable and interesting book ("Broken Earthenware," etc.) will find many such instances. Mr. Begbie's writings are equally characterised by profound philosophy, deep piety, and literary interest and enchanting narrative.

It afterwards appeared to me that Mr. James's representation of the chief aim of preaching is that of pure unmitigated

selfishness, and a sort of Atheism. What can be more ignoble and undivine than a persistent quest after personal advantage, what more unworthy conception of God than to picture Him as the Creator of myriads of beings whose inevitable doom is everlasting torment? Religion, in its best aspect, is certainly not a clamorous appeal for divine help and deliverance, and the best aim of preaching is not to lead men to seek for safety, but for union with eternal truth and goodness. We are bidden to fear God—we are never bidden to be afraid of Him. The aim of preaching should be to bring heaven down to earth, to spiritualise life, to make common things and deeds pursue divine; so that, in George Herbert's immortal words, "Who sweeps a chamber in Thy laws, makes that and the action fine." And prayer is not simply petition, it is communion, so that there may be much prayer and little request, and that little not necessarily personal. Indeed, as a doctor, seeing sick and sorrowing and sad persons, I have sometimes advised them, not to give up praying altogether, but to cease praying for themselves; to pray for others, for the spread of holy thought and action in society and this world—to pray, "Hallowed be Thy Name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done," before praying for daily bread. The conception of endless misery, of course, involves a conception of infinite sin, and a confession of absolute wickedness. And these conceptions are untrue. Indeed, even the words of Scripture and the Book of Common Prayer often require so much explanation as apparently to explain them away. What right has anyone possessing a conscience and moral sense to say, "There is no health in us"? And it is not true, except in a very modified sense, that "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." A heart that is deceived is so far absolved from blame in respect to that in which its knowledge is deficient, or its belief mistaken. And if we are "miserable sinners," our misery may be as much a cause for pity as for penalty. It behoves the worst offender to call God his Father, and to feel absolute pride in the glory and mystery of his own nature. All these conceptions are almost foreign to evangelical theology and the evangelical view of life, its nature, origin, and destiny. Job was neither a hypocrite nor a blasphemer when he said, "My righteousness will I hold fast, and will not let it go. My heart shall not reproach me so long as I live"; and the prayer of thanksgiving may include praise to the creative goodness which has made man conscious of his own essential affinity, even unity, with the Divine—conscious of the personal element in his nature which is human as well as the impersonal element which is divine. Only as there is a divine "light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," can we rightly understand such paradoxical,

even self-contradictory, expressions as, "When I [the personal] am weak, then am I [the impersonal] strong"; and the expression of St. Paul, "I know that in my flesh [in my merely human nature] dwelleth no good thing"—for the good things to which St. Paul refers belong not to bodily sensation, but to interior bodiless spirit. We thank God for nothing if we thank Him for the bestowal of a life that is exposed to the most unutterable and enduring calamity. St. Peter spoke not as a rhetorician, but as a philosopher, when he said we may become "partakers of the divine nature" (2 Peter i. 4). And the reason is that we can escape the seductions that arise out of our merely personal appetites and desires. This interpretation is justified by the original Greek of St. Peter's words. The "corruption that is in the world through *lust*" does not necessarily refer to sexual immorality. The word *ἐπιθυμία* is eager desire for anything—personal possession or advantage, yearning, longing, coveting. Anything of this kind may be pollution.

XI.—WILLIAM POLE, AND POEL.

During one of my visits to Birmingham I became acquainted with old Mr. Pole and his wife. Their son, whom I afterwards knew, Dr. William Pole, was a very skilful organist, and played at one of the city churches. He was a great cultivator of scientific whist and wrote a book on this subject. When I knew him he lived at Blackheath, and I was present at some of the musical parties held at his house. He was a very ardent admirer of Mozart's music, and these vocal and instrumental compositions were the chief items in his programme. His son is now widely known as William Poel—he has, somewhat arbitrarily, as I think, altered the spelling of his name, which has not descended from Pole to Pole, but from Pole to Poel. William "Poel" married a grand-daughter of Sir Charles Locock, Physician to the Queen. She became a patient of mine in London, before her marriage, and continued my patient after her marriage. She was a very attractive and devout lady, and joined the "Catholic Apostolic Church," founded by Edward Irving. Old Mr. Pole (grandfather of William Poel) was an excellent, pious old man, who, after a somewhat stormy youth, became a convert to evangelical religion under the pastorate of John Angell James. He had retired from business when I knew him, and occupied himself every morning in copying the daily meditations and Scripture portions in the "Diarium" which he used. He had many volumes of these collections—useless books, but touching memorials of an old man's piety.

XII.—EARLY SCHOOLDAYS.

I recall little of my earliest school-life. I remember being at

a dame's school at London, kept by a worthy, kindly old lady, whose punishment often consisted in fixing a very high conical paper foolscap on the offender's head, and placing him apart in a corner; and once, when I was a victim of this ignominious chastisement, I seized the cap from my head, put it on the head of the dear old governess, and rushed out of the room. I was easily forgiven, for the amiable old lady was more amused than offended at this rebellious behaviour.

When I was about 8 years old I was sent to the City of London School, where I remained for about a year. I remember a rather painful incident in the earliest period, when I was in the lowest form. I made rather a naughty remark to one of my schoolfellows respecting the master, that his antipodes was averted; but the actual word I used was more vernacular. The little wretch repeated this to the master: "Please, sir, Theobald says that your antipodes is turned"; on which the master said, "Theobald, come here; we do not allow such language; hold out your hand"—and again, and again—about six times—receiving a stroke with the cane each time. When I snatched away my hand from another stroke, he finished off with a few strokes on the back. I think I deserved some punishment, but the actual penalty was unnecessarily severe; a verbal rebuke, or an imposition, would have been enough. I also think that this little tell-tale should have been admonished as a little sneak, without any proper sense of *camaraderie*, which would have shown him that there was not much harm in my naughty remark, that it need not have been reported, and that it was somewhat mean to do so. Probably the little lad had an exaggerated idea of the impropriety of any vernacular allusion to the human antipodes and considered it his duty to expose it. Evangelical teaching might easily originate this impression. He did not know that Thomas Hood had wittily consigned flogging school-masters to the bottomless pit. The vernacular word which I used may be represented by the Latin words *dorsum lateris*.

I saw little of other masters besides those who presided over the forms in which I was a pupil. The Headmaster was Rev. John Allen Giles, whose Greek Lexicon was much used before that of Liddell and Scott superseded all others.

XIII.—SCHOOL-LIFE AT DANBURY.

In 1839 my elder brother and I were sent to a boarding school at Danbury, in Essex, kept by my uncle, Rev. Thomas Morell. We went to Danbury by the Maldon Coach, which left the Bull Inn, Aldgate, every afternoon. I cannot say that I look back upon this part of my school-life with much satisfaction. Agonies of Heim-weh, with plentiful tears, spoiled the earliest days of every half year, and during the rest of the term I was

rarely happy for any length of time. My uncle was a stern master, and I think he felt it his duty to be more severe to his nephews than to the other boys, in order that no imputation of partiality should be attached to him. At least, this was my impression, and accordingly I always disliked him. I do not think that nature intended him for a schoolmaster. In these days the master whom his pupils loved scarcely existed, except in a few public schools. Mr. Squeers was the typical schoolmaster rather than Dr. Arnold. Danbury is about two miles distant from Little Baddow, where my grandfather lived and preached, and we were accustomed to go there every Sunday morning, and stay till after the afternoon service. My uncle generally preached at a little chapel in Danbury in the evenings, and I was useful both to my uncle and grandfather by playing the seraphine in their chapels. The seraphine is a sort of wind organ, like the harmonium, worked by a foot pedal. It is never seen now. For this purpose I was allowed to practise the tunes on Saturday; not that this was necessary; it was as easy to me to play the tunes, with appropriate harmonies, as to sing the melodies; but it gave some security against mistake or imperfect performance. And for me it was a welcome opportunity of spending an hour or so in my favourite diversion. But my uncle would often abridge this pleasure, and after playing over the selected tunes once or twice would say, to my great mortification, "There, Robert, that will do; you need not practise any more." This seemed to me unkind, and so it seems even now; and so my dislike to my uncle increased. I may say that when my schooldays were over I learnt to love my uncle sincerely, and attended both him and my aunt in their last illness. But I always felt that my former dislike was reasonable—that I had much to forgive, and he little cause for reproach. In mathematics I easily learnt all that my uncle and his assistants could teach, and in Euclid was inclined to run ahead of the propositions imposed, so that I was soon a better geometer than my teachers. But I was, as a rule, more successful in classics than in the higher mathematics. At Glasgow, when I was a member of Lord Kelvin's class in natural philosophy, I was on one occasion the only successful solver of a geometrical problem prescribed for home-work. Algebra, especially equations and conic sections, interested me, but I made little headway with the calculi.

My Danbury schoolfellows were not particularly clever or intellectual, being, as a rule, rustic sons of Essex farmers or millers. One of them, however (and he was a London boy, Charles Henry Purday), had a great gift for art. He would cut out flowers and various figures in coloured paper, and make excellent drawings. He became an architect, but I heard little

of him in after life. His father was a public singer, with a very fine baritone voice, and the whole family had artistic gifts.

I learnt some noble poetry as school tasks, and I think my uncle was somewhat proud of my achievements in this line; for in our country walks he would ask me to repeat Byron's "Ode to the Ocean," or Horace Smith's "Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition," and on these occasions he became genial, and for a very brief period I loved him. The "Ode to the Ocean" is not in all editions of Byron. It is in Canto IV., Stanzas 178—184.

XIV.—EDWARD MIAILL AND THE "NONCONFORMIST."

During the Danbury period my uncle had a visit from his old friend and relative, Edward Miall, who had just given up pastoral work in Leicestershire in order to found and edit the *Nonconformist* newspaper. Edward Miall's wife was my grandfather's niece, her mother, Caroline Holmes, being a Morell, sister to my grandfather; consequently, Edward Miall was my uncle's first cousin by marriage. His paper became to me my political oracle and I used to read it from end to end. He was an admirable editor; his leading articles were original and ingenious; and his public speeches on the platform or in Parliament were full of earnest thought and public spirit. I have always remained a "political Dissenter." This used to be a term of reproach, as if Dissent was not essentially a political rather than an ecclesiastical or theological matter. But the extreme theories of Edward Miall did not long command my assent; the strict separation between the secular and the sacred in public life; the exclusion of State action and support from education, and everything except material interests. Israel's prophet taught me that "Holiness to the Lord" may be inscribed even on the bells of horses, and on every pot in Jerusalem (Zech. xiv. 20, 21); that what is material may represent and express what is spiritual; that all language, even the most philosophical, ultimately points to material facts and things; that religion and dogma are not identical, and that the Church, the family and the State are but different departments of divine ministration. But the departments *are* different, and their organisations separate. As the Church may not rule the family, so the State may not rule the Church; and it will be a happy day for England when the Church established by the State—called, and erroneously called, the Church of England, for just now the Salvation Army better deserves the title than the State-supported, State-endowed and Aristocratic Church—shall be disestablished and disendowed, and the Church of England no longer exist as, practically, a Tory organisation—the annexe of a political party. My sympathies as a young man always belonged to Edward Miall

as a politician, but to Maurice, when I came to know him and to read his books, as a philosophical theologian and ecclesiastic. Maurice found his ideal in the so-called "Church of England." I never could. By its monopoly of the title and by its somewhat insolent ignoring of all other ecclesiastical bodies, it has concealed from Dissenters their true position in the State, provoked them to antagonism instead of sympathy, widened the breach between Christians of different ecclesiastical persuasions, and allowed to the clergy no recognition of other denominations, except that of condescending and offensive patronage. Many an English village can verify this description of the Established Church of England.

XV.—CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL—DR. MORTIMER—MR. EDKINS.

After spending about four years at Danbury, not seeing home except during the vacations, I was transferred again to the City of London School, and was successively a pupil in the Latin class (intermediate between the third and fourth), and in the 4th, 5th and 6th classes. Mr. Harris was master of the Latin class, a genial man, who made friends of his pupils, and was a guest at the dinners of the Carpenter Club—an organisation of old pupils. He was a strict and somewhat formidable disciplinarian, but just also—not a "just beast," as the Rugby boy called Dr. Arnold. He never forgot his pupils, and I was quite startled when I met him, many years after the termination of my school and college courses, when I was a full-grown man with the usual growth of hair on my face, to find that, notwithstanding the changes wrought by time, he still recognised me, and remembered that I was one of three brothers who at different and not the same time belonged to his class. Dr. Mortimer was the head master, and I learnt, as I knew him better, to look up to him with reverence and affection. He usually came to our class once or twice in the week to hear our Latin lesson. At that time Livy was the author, and when the pupils had given their version the Doctor would give his, and I was always interested and delighted with the combined textual accuracy and literary felicity of his translation. In his rendering of Horace he was equally felicitous; we learnt to recognise the poetical beauties as well as the technical phrasing of the exquisite Odes and Satires. Dr. Mortimer was an earnest evangelical clergyman, and I heard him preach in the pulpit usually occupied by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel. I remember nothing of the sermon, but the style of delivery was memorable. It was that of a clergyman and a schoolmaster, very clear and decided, but somewhat oracular and academic. No dissenting minister ever preached in that style, and while I loved the preacher I felt that the personal element was so strong

as to weaken the spiritual impression of the discourse. He did not prelude his sermon by a long extempore prayer, as Baptist Noel always did. And, indeed, this distinguished preacher was always more a dissenter than the clergyman of an aristocratic church, and it was without surprise that I heard that he afterwards became a Baptist minister.

The 5th and 6th classes were virtually incorporate; the 6th, headed by Dr. Mortimer, representing the classic element; the 5th, headed by Mr. Robert Pitt Edkins, the mathematical. Mr. Edkins was a fairly accomplished mathematician, but a foolish and unjust man, and I was perpetually getting into scrapes with him. For instance, he was always about ten minutes late in the morning (for he lived at Islington), and as he did not go home in the middle of the day he was punctual in the afternoon. If I was a minute or two late on my return from our mid-day meal, Edkins would severely question me as to the reason of my late arrival, and I would give him some facetious explanation, such as, "The pudding was so hot that I could not finish it in time," or that my crossing the road was delayed by a "flock of pigs." We called him "Man"; perhaps the name was suggested by the verse, "I will not fear what *man* can do unto me." I was always rather catarrhal, and used to blow my nose with a noisy energy that rather irritated "Man," and on one occasion he said, "Theobald, if you must make those frightful explosions, I beg you will go out of the room and do it"—a foolish injunction with which I promptly complied; and as I was moving from my seat towards the door, "Man," who was busy with an exercise paper, looked up to see the reason of this irregular movement, and seeing I was the traveller, muttered to himself (audibly to us)—"Oh! to explode! to explode!" Of course, the class was "exploding" with laughter, as my explosion was made just outside the open door and was heard as plainly as if it had been in the room. Even "Man" was amused, and on my return said, "There, Theobald, do not let that occur again!" virtually repealing his own injunction, and ignoring the fact that he was himself responsible for the disturbance. He often locked me up in the large circular basement corridor for trivial or imaginary offences. Dr. Mortimer knew that he was an absurd and unreasonable disciplinarian, and at one time gave me a hint: "Theobald, you should try and not provoke Mr. Edkins"; and I could see that the doctor blamed "Man" more than me, but I tried to comply with his direction. Edkins was not only foolish, undignified and unjust, but also cruel, and I rather wondered that he did not sometimes use his cane on me, for I was a provoking scholar. He probably knew that my father would have resented and remonstrated. The only time when I saw

him use this instrument of torture was when his own nephew incurred his displeasure. The unhappy youth was dressed in very close-fitting garments, almost as close as flesh-tights, and the many and merciless strokes which Edkins inflicted on the screaming and wriggling child made my blood boil, and I wished I could punish him in the same way. What the offence was I never knew, but the lad was a quiet, harmless fellow, and I am sure could not have done anything to deserve such pitiless chastisement. “Undignified,” I have said that Edkins was, but when he was silent, or walking, he seemed the very type of stately serenity, as if dignity was wrought into his organisation—a notable instance of the Latin aphorism which Juvenal wrote : “*Frontis nulla fides*”—do not attach too much importance to outward appearances. As a specimen of the different estimate of my character and punctuality entertained by Dr. Mortimer and Mr. Edkins, the following extract from one of the reports may be given :—

<i>Character and Conduct</i>	...	Excellent (G. F. W. M.) Rude and ill-behaved (R. P. E.)
<i>Attendance</i>	...	Regular (G. F. W. M.) Almost always late (R. P. E.)

My father showed this to Dr. Mortimer, who showed it to the School Secretary, and my father heard Dr. Mortimer mutter, “Absurd!” The sense of humour must have been very small in Mr. Edkins, or he would himself have seen how ridiculous was the contrast between his judgment and that of Dr. Mortimer.

XVI.—FRENCH TEACHING.

My schoolfellows were, some of them, youths of great ability who afterwards became distinguished, especially one of the Seeley brothers, whose father was a bookseller in Fleet Street, and who wrote a very admirable prize essay on the “Expansion of England.” My great “chum” was Andrew Richard Scoble, now Sir A. R. Scoble. He was a good French scholar even at that time, and could read, write and speak French with ease and accuracy. The chief French master was Mr. Delisle, and we often had French debates in class on political or social subjects. This was a great delight to me, and I was a conspicuous debater, speaking in tolerably accurate French; though sometimes Mr. Delisle would interject, “Eh ! Bein !” if I began a reply with “Well !” We liked our French master well, and he was generally just and kind. Once, however, his very large and heavy hand gave me a stunning box on the ears when I was unduly “larky.” I nearly fainted, but the quietus was accom-

plished as a physical necessity. Ear-boxing is a dangerous punishment, and ought never to be used, especially by a big man with a heavy hand. A strong fillip with the fingers would be quite as effective and entirely harmless.

XVII.—SCOBLE AND HIS FATHER.

Scoble and I, after our school-days, were still very intimate, and we spent some time together in Paris, where we co-operated in various translations, especially from Guizot. While Scoble and I were staying in Paris, I was introduced to Rev. Athanase Coquerel, jun. Both he and his father were eloquent preachers in the Reformed French Protestant Church. We spent an evening at Mr. Coquerel's house, and had much interesting conversation. He spoke English admirably, and translated into French, for the advantage of the rest of the company, a curious specimen of amateur theology which I narrated. When staying at Bridlington, on my way to Glasgow, I went with the relatives and others whom I was visiting to the Wesleyan chapel. The preacher in the course of his sermon put to himself the question how long it would take to sanctify a human soul. He found an answer in one of our Lord's parables; that referring to the woman who "took three measures of meal and hid them in leaven till the whole was leavened" (Luke xiii. 21). "Now," said the preacher, "I have ascertained that the process of leavening three measures of meal would take eleven hours." Accordingly he concluded that a soul may be completely sanctified in that time! Mr. Coquerel was much amused at this little bit of fantastic theology. It seemed to me at the time that the preacher confounded the kingdom of heaven with an individual soul, and that no one could possibly imagine that ordinary dough and the process of producing it can be analogous to the ripening of human society, except by a very subtle application of the Swedenborgian doctrine of correspondencies, and that the time element is not referred to at all. Scoble afterwards became a barrister, and practised in India, where he made fame and fortune. He was chief prosecuting counsel in the trial of the ~~Gaw~~war of Baroda. When Scoble returned from India he became a Member of Parliament, a Conservative, to my surprise, for all his family antecedents were dissenting and democratic. His father was secretary to the anti-Slavery Society, a man of some force both of speech and character, but somewhat testy and irritable. I incurred his great and very unreasonable wrath soon after my expulsion from New College, when, in conversation on the event, it seemed to me that Mr. Scoble intended to make some public pronouncement on the matter. I, without thinking of any offence, said, "Oh! Mr.

Scoble, I think you had better not take any part in that business." Instantly he flamed up, and retorted that he was just as competent to discuss it as I was; did I mean to insult him? and when I made a brief reply, "Is that intended for another insult?" My schoolfellow was, I could see, disgusted, and I very soon left the room and retired for the night. I saw him afterwards, and he apparently ignored the terms on which we had separated and accosted me in a friendly way, and, of course, I responded in the same way, and was glad to see that he bore no malice.

XVIII.—REV. THOMAS BINNEY.

Mr. Scoble and his family attended the ministry of Rev. Thomas Binney, at that time minister of the Weigh House Chapel, opposite the Monument. I frequently accompanied them, and had the great privilege of hearing Mr. Binney. He was in many ways—physical, psychological and spiritual—a great man; a man of power and genius, with an inexhaustible fertility of pulpit thought and utterance. At that time he had the reputation of being the best preacher in London, certainly among the dissenters. With them he was a "Master in Israel," taking a leading part in denominational organisations, and consulted as almost an oracle on all occasions of concerted action. I saw much of him when I was at New College. He was a member of the Council, but was invalided and absent when our expulsion was under consideration; if he had been present the whole result might have been different. I knew him as a powerful speaker, but somewhat tyrannical and oppressive in committees and governing bodies. He had been a minister at Newport, Isle of Wight, and was fellow-student at Wymondley with my uncle, Stephen Morell. He wrote a memoir of him after his early death in 1824; but there was a good deal more of Mr. Binney than of Mr. Morell in his memorial volume. Every circumstance related occasioned a digression, so that the original topic was smothered by the interpolations.

XIX.—LAST DAYS AT SCHOOL. CHEMISTRY—EXAMINATIONS— GERMAN.

One of the masters of the City of London School taught chemistry, and he took some of us to the Houses of Parliament, where Mr. Reed presided over the ventilation, to take object-lessons on some of the laws of the diffusion and circulation of air and gaseous bodies. The classical examinations were conducted by Rev. W. A. Miller, afterwards Rector of Greenwich,

not the big, burly person that I often saw in after-years when I was settled at Blackheath, but at that time a slender, handsome young man. He and Dr. Mortimer were close friends, and belonged to the same type of evangelical clergymen. Before leaving school I joined the German class, for a short time, and had eight or ten lessons in German, which were extremely useful to me. I pursued this study myself after leaving school, went through "Ollendorf" and other books, read and translated, and so gained a tolerable mastery of literary German, which has been of great advantage to me in my Bacon and Shakespeare studies. But I never had any opportunity of speaking German. Mr. Feiling was the teacher.

XX.—GLASGOW UNIVERSITY. MR. JAMES YATES.

In the year 1846, at the suggestion of my uncle, Dr. J. D. Morell, I competed for one of the scholarships to Glasgow University, founded by Dr. Williams for the education of students for the dissenting ministry. There were three vacancies and four competitors. All of us were considered entitled to a bursary, and, as I was the youngest, the examiners recommended me to spend a year of study at University College, London, after which a bursary would be granted to me without further examination. The chief examiner was Mr. James Yates, an admirable scholar and an extensive contributor to Dr. William Smith's classical dictionaries. He made a special study of the weaving of the ancients, and wrote a learned treatise on it, entitled *Textrinum Antiquorum*, worthy of Dr. Dryasdust himself. He was a wealthy man, and had a large and splendid house at Norton Hall, near Sheffield, where, on one of my travels to Glasgow, I spent a day or two, and had an opportunity of looking into the *Textrinum* treatise. Mr. Yates was a Liverpool man and, I believe, at one time a Unitarian minister, but was more devoted to classic research than to preaching or pastoral work. He subsequently lived at Lauderdale House, Highgate, the residence at one time of Nell Gwyn, now acquired by the municipality of the district as a public library. It is situated in Waterloo Park. Mr. Yates subsequently added botany to his classic studies. One of my fellow-students reported with great amusement one of Mr. Yates's vaunts, "I believe I know more about Cyads than any man living."

XXI.—DR. CARPENTER.

When visiting Mr. Yates I met Dr. Carpenter, who belonged to a family greatly respected in Unitarian circles both in Liverpool and Bristol. In after-years I became more intimate with

him when he was Principal of University Hall, Gordon Square. He was an organist—not a very skilful one—and every Sunday morning walked to the Unitarian Chapel, Roslyn Hill, Hampstead, where he presided at the organ. I never heard him play the organ, but his pianoforte attempts sufficiently showed the measure of his gifts, and in his special work as an expositor of physiology he was truly great and accomplished. Never was a more industrious and painstaking teacher. His great works on physiology, human and comparative, are monuments of exhaustive exposition and elaborate research. The list of his works—some very voluminous, written between 1835 and 1885—includes over 290 books, or articles contributed to reviews, encyclopaedias and newspapers, and probably others were written which could not be traced when his son wrote a memoir after his death in 1885. His death was tragic and painful, caused by the upset of a petroleum stove which heated his bath. The accident caused extensive burning, which proved fatal. Dr. Carpenter was in many ways an interesting man. I regarded him as a sort of half Puritan and half Unitarian, for to a Unitarian creed he united the rigid ethics of an evangelical Puritan, stern and somewhat exacting in his demands for self-restraint, especially in reference to food, *e.g.*, cake before bread and butter at tea-time he regarded as culpable self-indulgence. His musical evenings were very attractive, and I was accustomed every Sunday evening after service at Mr. Lynch's church, a few minutes' walk from University Hall, to join the choral meetings at Dr. Carpenter's rooms, singing in the glees, or madrigals, or masses, and generally acting as accompanist on the pianoforte.

XXII.—MUSIC AT UNIVERSITY HALL.

These musical evenings were very attractive, and many remarkable people were present. The music was chiefly vocal, but occasionally a good pianist would perform. Among them Kate Loder was the best. She had married a very distinguished surgeon, Sir Henry Thompson, president of the Cremation Society, and himself a good amateur musician, playing, if I remember rightly, on the violoncello. He attended and operated on Napoleon III. On one occasion Lady Thompson played one of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words"—the fifth in the first book in F minor, which is somewhat difficult to amateurs, especially because there is so much unsupported syncopation. Kate Loder's rendering of it was brilliant, and gave me some insight into the mode of its production, which I subsequently turned to good account. Herr Jansa afterwards conducted the concerted vocal music. He was director of the music at the Catholic church in Warwick Street, and invited me to join their

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choir. I could not do this as a regular thing; my Protestant convictions would not permit it. But I attended once or twice, and once I sang a tenor solo from one of Mozart's masses. I lacked the training necessary for a good performer either in vocal or instrumental music. If I had had this I might possibly have become a professional musician. Mrs. Carpenter, who did not join in our choral singing, but was always an interested listener, once said to me, "Mr. Theobald, I do not believe you could sing false even if you tried," and I accepted the flattering judgment as not altogether undeserved. I once had a few lessons, when at school, in thorough bass and pianoforte playing, in order to make me more competent to play at my uncle's and grandfather's chapels, and I could never manage to count time aloud except by singing; it seemed quite impossible to me to say "one and two and three, and four," etc., in a conversational mode of utterance. At that time the Manchester Unitarian College had recently migrated to London, and its headquarters were at University Hall. Rev. John James Taylor preached there every Sunday. I remember a fellow-student remarked that the Almighty must feel Himself considerably flattered in being addressed in prayers of such exceedingly literary beauty.

XXIII.—DR. JAMES MARTINEAU.

Here I met Dr. James Martineau, and was introduced to him as one of the students recently expelled from New College as an irreclaimable heretic. Dr. Martineau referred to this in a few kindly, sympathetic words. I did not then know how great he was as a philosopher and teacher, for his works on ethical theories and religion had not been published, and I had not heard of his "*Endeavours After the Christian Life*." His face, pale and deeply lined with the furrows of a profound thinker, and the noble expression which wisdom and study had graven on his countenance, could not but mark him as a leader and teacher of men. I heard him preach at Little Portland Street, and his sermon, like all those published in his "*Endeavours*" and "*Hours of Thought*," were full of great ideas, most felicitously expressed. The collection of exquisitely musical and instructive prose lyrics and meditations in these volumes is perhaps unrivalled in literature. Some time afterwards I had a letter from Dr. Martineau. I had sent him a copy of an address which I gave at the hall of the Royal Society of Literature, on Bacon as a poet, in which I referred to Bacon's discourse on Wonder, Philosophy, and Rarity, as related conditions. This is Dr. Martineau's reply, which ought not to be locked up in a private portfolio:—

"The Polchar, Rothiemarrhus, Airemore, N.B., July, 12, 1895.
My dear Sir,—I must rely on your forbearance to pardon my

delay in answering your kind letter of the 20th ult. Necessary preoccupation detained me till to-day from reading the interesting pamphlet, without the knowledge of which I could not be sure of rightly replying to your main question. The assumption of Plato that Wonder is the primitive intellectual impulse whence all philosophy springs, has perhaps its most emphatic expression in his 'Theætetus,' 155D, where he says, 'Wonder is the special affection of a philosopher; for philosophy has no other starting point than this; and it is a happy thought which makes Iris the daughter of Thaumas,' *i.e.*, which treats the messenger of the gods, the winged thought that passes to and fro between heaven and earth and brings them into communion, as the child of Wonder. Aristotle, in his more prosaic way, makes the same assumption in his 'Metaphysics,' I., 2. To prevent misinterpretation I have commented upon it in 'Types of Ethical Theory,' Vol. II., p. 152.

"My knowledge of the literature of the Renaissance is so slight that I have no right to any confident opinion respecting the origin and order of its characteristic phenomena. But I incline to think that on the removal of the barricades which had so long kept back the Greek literature from contact with the European mind, its influence burst in a flood upon the thirsting genius of Italy and the Western nations, and that Platonic ideas in particular, as most relieving to the dry scholasticism worked up out of Aristotle, were diffused and absorbed in eager drafts till they became an element in the common literary thought, first of Italy and thence of the wider republic of letters, far beyond the limits of Greek reading in the originals. The dialect and general conceptions of philosophy, and even of the sciences, became changed, and brought into nearer conformity with a pantheistic representation of the world. I should not be surprised if some of the coincidences between Bacon and Shakespeare which appear to be *identical characteristics*, proved explicable as *current commonplaces* of contemporary literary coteries. I admit, however, the striking character of several of your instances. But I cannot recognise in Bacon's writings, notwithstanding his command of figurative expression and illustration, anything like the creative imagination, and various insight into human character and life, which are so commanding in Shakespeare.

"Your essay curiously recalls to me the first opening to me of the Bacon-Shakespeare theory some 40—45 years ago, by an American, Miss Bacon (its originator, so far as I know), who was introduced to me by Emerson on her pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, and visited me in Liverpool, and with whom I had long discussions, interesting but unconvincing. She was a very attractive and ingenious person, overwrought at last, I have been told, by her own enthusiasm.

"It is very pleasant to hear that my old miscellaneous essays retain some little interest to a reader who comes to them under the stronger light of the present day. I have allowed them to reappear, not because they satisfy me, but rather because they show the process which has led me to find satisfaction beyond them. It is astonishing to me that any honest thinking person can pretend to live by the standards of any fixed Church and creed, in an age which has given us the insight we now possess into the early history of Christianity and the growth of doctrine through the past three centuries. The divine spiritual revelation is disguised and deformed by the barbarous formulas of a semi-pagan theology.—I remain, my dear sir, yours very sincerely, James Martineau."

XXIV.—DR. MARTINEAU ON THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE THEORY.

Dr. Martineau's suggested explanation of "*some*" of the Baconian parallels with Shakespeare does not seem to me very probable or satisfactory. He admits that his explanation only applies to *some* of these parallels. What of others? Is not the only possible alternative either that Bacon and Shakespeare wrote in collaboration, and each had access to the writings, published or unpublished, of the other; or that Bacon was the sole author? And very few out of the multitude of coincidences can be regarded as either commonplaces or current literary notions, and very few of them supply any perceptible reflection of Greek philosophy. Indeed, many of them do not refer to ideas at all, especially the "Promus" notes, but to phrases, turns of expression, specimens of retort, such as law courts may supply. These are matters of style rather than thought. And as to Dr. Martineau's inability to recognise in Bacon the "creative imagination and various insight into human character in life which are so commanding in Shakespeare," these qualities are by no means deficient in Bacon; see especially the 8th book of the "De Augmentis." And, obviously, scientific writings do not afford the same scope for imagination and insight as dramatic composition. One side of Bacon's personality appears in his prose writings, and another in his poetry; and it is just as unreasonable to look for creative imagination in the "Novum Organum," as to look for science and philosophy in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," rather than in the "Friend," or "Aids to Reflection." Moreover, all such *à priori* considerations are over-weighted and disposed of by the probative force of the great multitude of the coincidences which no *à priori* arguments can displace, and by all the negative considerations which make William Shakspere impossible. If all coincidences can be explained by any other fact than common authorship, let the explanation be

given. Dr. Martineau does not give a hint of such explanation, and no Shakespearean has ever supplied it.

XXV.—DR. ADAM THOMPSON.

I have said that my journey to Glasgow was once broken by a visit to Mr. Yates. At another time I visited Dr. Adam Thompson, of Coldstream, *en route* to Glasgow. This most admirable Scotch pastor was well known for his great work in promoting the circulation of the Bible in all languages and among all people. A sweet, gentle old man, who seemed to know almost by heart the book which he did so much to circulate. I heard him preach once or twice, and nearly every sentence contained a Scripture quotation—nearly every idea was enforced, illustrated, or substantiated by a text or a more extended passage from the Bible. His hearers must have learnt that of all books in the world the Bible is the one most affluent in moral and philosophical ideas, and that nearly every subject of thought and circumstance of experience finds its comment in the words of Holy Writ. St. Paul, with his philosophic mind, saw the same thing, and told his young disciple, Timothy, how variously profitable the Word of God was for reproof, correction and instruction, and that the reader and student of Scripture may become thereby perfect, thoroughly furnished, well equipped for all good work in action or in teaching and thought. Dr. Adam Thompson, like the parson in Chaucer's pilgrimage, "first followed himself" what he taught to others.

XXVI.—BULWER LYTTON, CANON FREEMANTLE.

For some years I was accustomed to write reviews for the *Nonconformist*, and this brought me into contact, more or less immediately, with some interesting men. In 1863 I wrote a review of Bulwer Lytton's "Caxtoniana," and this brought to the editor the following letter:—

"SIR,—I presume that I am indebted to your courtesy for a copy of the *Nonconformist* containing a review of 'Caxtoniana.' In that case please accept my thanks, and in any case allow me to convey my acknowledgments to the writer of that review for a criticism in which praise, where given, is given with cordial generosity, and blame, where assigned or implied, is expressed with a moderation, and even a kindness, which cannot but do good to an author in subjecting his mind to the same careful examination of the blemishes alleged, which would result from the criticism of an intelligent friend whose opinion he values and respects. I have the honour to be, Sir, etc."

The reasons for Bulwer Lytton's acknowledgments may be

seen in the following extract from my review. It is dated Dec. 16th, 1863:—

“CAXTONIANA.”[®]

“ Many of our readers are doubtless already familiar with the series of Essays by the author of ‘The Caxtons,’ which has appeared in *Blackwood’s Magazine*. In their completed form they make one of the pleasantest books that have fallen under our notice for some time. ‘Pleasantest,’ we repeat; for Sir Bulwer Lytton is pre-eminently a pleasant writer—whether he gives counsel or information—whether he discourses on morals or history, on criticism or polities—whether he writes in a narrative or a didactic style,—he always writes so as to please. His style is singularly lucid and transparent,—often rising into real eloquence and poetry. He conveys his ideas not only clearly, but genially—there is fire and warmth as well as light in his writings. One of the most remarkable features, however, about Sir Bulwer Lytton’s style is the occasional violence done to good taste by the intrusion of tawdry phrases or fantastic conceits of expression which one would have thought impossible to a writer of such practised experience, and such finished elegance. He cannot resist the temptation to introduce threadbare quotations, such as ‘The cups that cheer but not inebriate,’—‘From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve.’ He will even call Nature ‘The Universal Mother,’ and fishes ‘the sealy flocks of Proteus.’ And having occasion to allude in a delicate way to a black draught and a stomach-pump, he is actually capable of perpetrating the following penny-a-liner-ism:—

“‘The poison [viz., of “a villainous *entree*,” provided by “a perfidious host,” or “the pure beverage,” secured to us by commercial treaty at a shilling a bottle] may be neutralised by sable antidotes, combining salts with senna; or scientifically withdrawn from the system by applying an instrument, constructed on hydraulic principles, to the cavity assigned to digestive operations.’—Vol. I., p. 70.

“Such blemishes as these, however, are not frequent. Usually Sir Bulwer Lytton expresses his ideas without affectation, and with a boldness and range of diction which can only be successfully managed by a true artist and poet. As a novelist by profession, his first object is to amuse; and a well-constructed sentence in the manner of a penny-a-liner is sure to be amusing to a large number of readers. But he has higher, though not more absorbing, aims. If he can convey instruction or sound principles of morals and behaviour, while, at the same time, he

* *Caxtoniana*. A Series of Essays on Life, Literature, and Manners. By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON, Bart. Two Vols. W. Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1863.

can satisfy the claim of the fancy to be stimulated and of the imagination to be roused, he will discourse eloquently and profitably on all matters that affect the conduct of life. When he has secured the attention of his reader he can then discuss the gravest topics in a style that is almost sure to captivate. There are many essayists who treat the subjects they select in a profounder way, with more condensed wisdom, with more subtle analysis, with keener and more ample philosophic discernment. There are many who speak more earnestly and impressively to the heart and conscience of their readers. There are many, though not so many as of the classes before indicated, with as large an acquaintance with men and manners, with books and literature. But there are few who have the art of fascinating more completely than our author. Evidently this is the purpose which he has most at heart. As we have already hinted, he is never so overwhelmed by the gravity or vastness of his subject as to disdain the graces of style for the sake of enhancing the weight and solemnity of his utterances. Perhaps if the two purposes came into actual collision, and he was conscious that he must be sternly true without allowing the distracting influence of a poetical quotation ~~or~~ an 'elegant allusion,' he might then consent for a time to dip his brush in more sober colours, and dispense with the ornaments which he loves so much. But the collision scarcely ever arrives—he nearly always remains safely secular—if he coasts along some holy land he takes care to look at it only through his own highly-coloured glasses. Occasionally he does approach the confines of topics where a more earnest writer—or, let us say, a writer more disposed to look at the spiritual and eternal aspects of life—would feel constrained to lay aside the lighter and more decorative qualities of style and speak with severo and unadorned simplicity. Sir Edward, however, even here cannot cease to address himself to the fancy and imagination. Even if he talks about the next world, it must still be in a sparkling and alluring style. He is the Rossini of essayists, and sings most appropriately when the footlights burn the brightest and the scenery is most sunny and picturesque. There is no uncompromising severity, analagous to the music of Bach, no gloomy grandeur like Beethoven's, no massive sublimity like Handel's. He is fond of trills and cadenzas, of florid ornament, and sparkling fancies. Perhaps the severest taste would have led him to abandon this style in writing on such a subject as is treated—only incidentally, however, to the main topic of the essay—in the following paragraph (the italics are our own):—

“ ‘We are not sent here to do merely some one thing, which we can scarcely suppose that we shall be required to do again, when, *crossing the Styx, we find ourselves in eternity.* [Observe,

reader, the grotesque blending of pagan and Christian phraseology in this sentence.] Whether I am a painter, a sculptor, a poet, a romance writer, an essayist, a politician, a lawyer, a merchant, a hatter, a tailor, a mechanic at factory or loom, it is certainty much for me in this life to do the one thing I profess to do as well as I can. But when I have done that, and that thing alone, nothing more, where is my profit in the life to come? I do not believe that I shall be asked to paint pictures, carve statues, write odes, trade at exchange, make hats or coats, or manufacture pins and cotton prints, *when I am in the Empyrean*. Whether I be the grandest genius on earth in a single thing, and that single thing earthly, or the poor peasant who, behind his plough, whistles for want of thought,—I suspect it will be all one *when I pass to the competitive examination—yonder!* On the other side of the grave a Raffaelle's occupation may be gone as well as a ploughman's. The world is a school for the education, not of a faculty, but of a man.'—Vol. I., pp. 161, 162.

"We are quite willing to assent to the maxim expressed in the last paragraph of this quotation, though we are by no means sure that the balance of speculation would not lead to the conclusion that special faculties will find their opportunity of action in the next world as much or more than in this. But we refer to this passage rather to show the jaunty, almost flippant, style in which our essayist alludes to the gravest topics. Probably Sir Edward does not profess to be a preacher,—though he might be without mounting any rostrum. He wishes, however, to invest all the ethics of honour and gentility in the fairest and most attractive colouring, and he will not hesitate, if the opportunity offers, to fling a bouquet through the gates of Paradise, or hang an illuminated star on the walls of the Celestial City. Whether the ornament fits is a matter we will leave our readers to determine."

Another review of Canon Freemantle's "Gospel of the Secular Life" led to some correspondence in the paper itself, and subsequently to a delightful personal interview with the reverend gentleman himself. I went to Canterbury with some members of my family, and called on the Canon. He received me most cordially, lent me his key by which we could open all the gates in the cathedral and go where we liked without the restrictions of a party under the guidance of an inspector; and afterwards he himself went with us and explained many things which were not intelligible to a casual visitor. My criticism had not been altogether commendatory—indeed, in some respects I expressed resolute dissent. But the Canon, holding his own opinion, received mine with perfect courtesy and even generous praise.

XXVII.—BARBICAN SERVICES.

After the removal of our family from Birmingham to London, we lived in the very heart of the city, in Aldersgate Street and Bartholomew Close. That was the time when night-watchmen, in their multitudinously hooded capes, called out the time at night—which I well remember. On Sunday we attended the ministry of Rev. Arthur Tidman at Barbican Chapel. Mr. Tidman was a man of considerable intellectual power, which he employed chiefly as Secretary of the London Missionary Society, and his Barbican preaching was much neglected. Indeed my father was so provoked by the poverty and sameness of the Barbican discourses that he was provoked to say that Mr. Tidman had just two texts; one was, “Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature”; the other was, “Now concerning the collection.” Mr. Tidman’s connection with the L.M.S. brought some eminent missionaries into his pulpit. Among others I remember Rev. John Williams, the martyr of Eromanga, who was killed by the barbarous natives of that island when he attempted to effect a landing. Also I heard the equally famous African missionary, Rev. Robert Moffat, who had interminable stories to tell of his experiences. Only the monition of the clock stopped his interesting narratives; and on one occasion, when the clock stopped, Mr. Moffat continued his speech so long that at length it dawned upon his mind that the clock had been for some time stationary; so with a jocular allusion to the contrast between the falsity of the clock and the veracity of his hearers, he wound up his speech. Here we heard also other celebrated preachers, the most eloquent of whom was Rev. James Parker, of York. His sermons were admirably constructed, full of interesting and original thought, forcibly and felicitously expressed; but his voice and delivery were shocking,—a monotonous grunt from beginning to end, with never a pause or a break.

XXVIII.—REV. JOHN DAVIES.

At last my father so strongly rebelled against the poverty and monotony of the Barbican teaching that we left Barbican and attended the ministry of Rev. John Davies at Aldermanbury Postern Chapel, rather more distant from our residence than Barbican, but within easy reach. Mr. Davies was a truly admirable preacher and pastor, and his instructive and thoughtful sermons were a “feast of fat things” to all of us. He married a wealthy lady, lived at Upper Clapton, and drove to Aldermanbury in his double brougham. Subsequently he abandoned Aldermanbury and became co-partner with Dr. John Pye-Smith at the Old Gravel Pit Meeting House, Hackney.

After twenty years' pastorate at Hackney he retired to Brighton, where he died in August, 1894, in the 90th year of his age. Mr. Davies's preaching was not eloquent or rhetorical; his sermons were minutely divided and sub-divided. A volume of his sermons, entitled "The Kingdom Without Observation, and Other Sermons" has been published. The first of these contains about twenty divisions or sub-divisions, and the next fifteen. His preaching was in pithy, short sentences—a mosaic of beautiful utterances, persuasive by their truth and practical power and by the simple earnestness with which they were enunciated.

XXIX.—REV. ALFRED MORRIS. DESTINY.

One of the most thoughtful preachers at that time was Rev. Alfred Morris, of Holloway, whom I frequently heard in later years. To his intellectual gifts he added a tender, almost overwhelming pathos, speaking with a voice full of tears. For instance, preaching on a future life and the destiny, results or penalties of a sinful course, he fronted the question, Will the sufferings of the impenitent last for ever? He could scarcely believe it, but could not definitely arrive at any other conclusion, and with almost agonising urgency he asked, "Will God relent?" Other teachers and theologians have answered the same question and in a more satisfactory way. If Mr. Morris had put the question, "Will a good man relent?" after any offence committed against him has been penalised by long pain and misery which he could at any moment terminate, surely the answer could have been easily made. It is somewhat remarkable that so acute a thinker as Mr. Morris could not at once see that infinite love and goodness cannot be less capable of relenting, but infinitely more, than simple humanity. It is one of the anomalies of antique theology that it can represent God as inferior to man in mercy and forbearance, while it theoretically represents man as made in the image of God; and philosophy teaches us that human nature is the only possible channel by which we can find any interpretation of the Divine. Scripture does not leave the question unanswered,—it tells us that He will not always chide, neither will He keep His anger for ever, and that His tender mercies are infinite. Strictly speaking, God does not either relent or resent; for these are personal sentiments belonging to a finite nature, and the infinite Being who has implanted in humanity these attributes is yet Himself a stranger to them. Moreover, the assumption of everlasting punishment involves the impossible assumption of infinite sin in a finite being. A sinner may be guilty of any amount of hideous crimes, but the limitations of his nature express themselves even in his sins; and to inflict an endless penalty on a finite creature would be

infinite cruelty, which we may not attribute to a God of infinite love.

XXX.—REV. T. T. LYNCH.

On one occasion when I went to Holloway to hear Mr. Morris, a young man, slight, slender, of insignificant appearance, mounted the rostrum and I was prepared to hear something inferior or commonplace. But this unpromising-looking young man no sooner opened his lips than I felt I was in the presence of genius, greater even than that of Mr. Morris. Every sentence that he uttered was memorable, and I had an instinctive persuasion that I should never lose sight of this remarkable young man. The subject of his discourse was the Transfiguration, and when he came to the words “This is My beloved Son, hear Him!” he caught up the words “Hear Him!” and repeated them many times, always with a different application. “Hear Him,” ye wise men and learned! “Hear Him,” ye toiling and struggling men! “Hear Him,” ye doubting, half-believing men! “Hear Him,” ye rich and powerful men! Each time with a wealth of thought by which the needs and relation to Christianity of different kinds of circumstance and character was most admirably indicated. This man of power, inhabiting a small and feeble frame, was Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch, and not long afterwards I was the means of introducing him to the chapel of Aldermanbury, where some thought him a fool and others a philosopher. One week-day evening when frost and snow covered the ground he presided at a week-day service and his text was, “Who can stand before His cold?” And as he spoke on this topic with the same affluence and originality of thought as that which marked the first sermon I heard him deliver, it was evident that his good sermons were not travellers, exceptions above the level of the rest. Whether in set discourse or in conversation I have met with few men equal to Mr. Lynch in abundance and individuality of thought. You could not hear him for five minutes without hearing something you would wish to remember all your life, and during all the years that I attended his ministry I never heard him repeat himself, either in preaching or in prayer. At one time the dinner-table talk at the table of Mr. James Yates, of Highgate, turned on earnestness. Some very distinguished gentlemen were present, and their talk was so commanding and incessant that there was little chance of a hearing from a small, feeble man like Lynch. But at last he gained his opportunity, and said, “Earnestness may take many forms, not all equally good. You may have the earnestness of an old maid, and be always in a fuss, or the earnestness of a martyr ready to die for his faith,” and so on. As soon as Lynch spoke he eclipsed all the

rest ; one sentence from him was as good as, or better than, a long harangue from some of the rest. He became minister, first at Highgate, and then to a group of worshippers who had seceded from Craven Chapel, where Dr. Leischield preached, and held services successively at rooms in Mortimer Street, an abandoned chapel at Grafton Street, and a small chapel erected especially for him in the Hampstead Road—Mornington Chapel. Mr. Lynch was frail and feeble, not only in appearance but physically) in reality. Long before his death he could only preach once on the Sunday, and his life was darkened by the acute agonies of *angina pectoris*. Even then his sermons, prepared without writing while he was lying on the rug, with only brief intervals of freedom from acute pain, and dictated for delivery by those whom he called his curates, were such finished compositions that they scarcely required a word of alteration before they were printed, gems of sparkling thought expressed in words of dazzling splendour or genial humour. Thus, preaching a memorial sermon on the death of Dr. John Pye-Smith, he referred to his gentleness and urbanity in controversy, contrasting him in this respect with some militant dissenters, whose temper was “little, tart, pert, and snarly”—“all angles, asperity, clamour and vulgarity.” The great doctor was the reverse of all this, and almost too conciliatory, using a “beg-pardon air,” as if difference of opinion might be regarded as somewhat offensive and requiring an apology. When we three students were expelled from New College for our views on Scripture inspiration and authority, Mr. Lynch was our strong champion and preached a sermon from the text in Job. xxxii. 6—10. No text could have been more happily selected,—“I am young, and ye are very old ; wherefore I was afraid, and feared to show you mine opinion. But there is a spirit in man : and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. Great men are not always wise ; neither do the aged understand judgment. Therefore I said, Hearken unto me ; I also will show mine opinion :”—vindicating our right to a place in the College whether our belief were right or wrong. Mr. Lynch was also a musician, played the piano with good taste but small power, composed tunes to his own hymns, and when I visited him was interested in my rendering of one of Beethoven’s early sonatas.

XXXI.—LETTERS AND BOOKS BY MR. LYNCH.

Mr. Lynch was also a poet, and some of his hymns are now to be found in most books of psalmody. Everyone accustomed to congregational singing must know Mr. Lynch’s beautiful hymn, “Gracious Spirit, dwell with me,” and his volume of

sacred hymns and poems, "The Rivulet," is one of the finest collections of sacred prose lyrics by one author ever published. A few volumes of his sermons and letters have been published, such as "Thoughts on a Day: Its Morning and Evening," "Sermons for my Curates," "The Mornington Lectures." These were week-day addresses on various subjects, such as "Cowper and his Hymns," "The Great Law of Tit-for-tat," "How Not to be Vulgar," "Bible Trees," etc. His earliest publication, "Memoirs of Theophilus Trinal," may be regarded as in some sense autobiographic. On Christmas Day, 1866, a small group of his admirers presented him with an affectionate address, accompanied with a binocular microscope and a gold watch and chain. To the leaders in this presentation he wrote the following letter—a typical specimen of his style :—

"DEAR SIRS,—I was much surprised, pleased, and puzzled, on receiving, yesterday morning, the shining gifts from kind Morningtonians, with a letter from you. I may suppose, I think, that at the spark of your generous suggestion their benevolence flashed forth in ready response. Whether the gifts are sent in consideration of my merits or my woes I am left to discover. Very likely you perceive that the former are not strong enough to do without a little support, and the latter quite keen enough to be the better for a little balm. To think of my becoming the actual possessor of a gold watch, just as if I was a layman; and of a binocular microscope, just as if I was a savan bent on discovering that magical dust-grain which, being dead, becomes alive of itself, without any divinity to help it.

"My venerable silver friend ticks wistfully by the side of the bright stranger, as if asking, 'May I rest now?' I will say this for him, that as years have gone on his pace has become faster. He can always get through sixty-one minutes in an hour, and if he and the sun start fair at dawn he can any day arrive at noon ten minutes before the sun. Such a watch as this ought not to be slighted.

"But I suspect you mean to be homiletic. Knowing that my time is now shorter, and may be but short, you wish me to treat every minute as a golden one. And by the plain gold chain you signify that the parson should always gravely do his best, and strongly knit together divine words, precious to the spirit and plain to the understanding. You wish, further, to intimate that unless I look with both eyes into the very elements of things I shall not be able any longer to satisfy such a discriminating people as the Morningtonians. Let me assure you that I will endeavour to be as much edified by your presents as I am gratified by them. Please say this to your Christmas

constituency, and believe me, dear Sirs, yours gratefully and affectionately, THOMAS T. LYNCH."

Mr. Lynch set no special value on orthodoxy in any department. He was not deterred from a belief in spiritualism by the vulgar contempt with which it was regarded by small pressmen and scientific authorities. He felt himself, with his frail body and large interior life, as he told me, rather a spirit than a body, and though he had no occult experiences of his own, he listened with patient interest to those reported to him. His congregation often contained persons from distant places, who embraced the opportunity of hearing a preacher of whose genius they had heard so much. The eloquent Hungarian patriot, Kossuth, was a constant attendant on his ministry; also Dr. Russell Reynolds, who became Professor of Medicine in University College, Dr. Lankaster, Coroner for Middlesex, father of Professor Ray Lankaster. These, together with Mr. Binney, Mr. Godwin, of New College, and Rev. Edward White, of Kentish Town, were among those present at his funeral. He was born in 1818 and died in 1871. A memorial of him was published by Rev. Samuel Cox, who presided at his funeral. He left one son.

XXXII.—THE "RIVULET" CONTROVERSY.

Mr. Lynch's "Rivulet" was bitterly attacked by orthodox journalists, who considered its theology negative and its teaching unscriptural. The asperity and extravagance of calumny displayed by these assailants was incredibly base. Lynch defended himself with characteristic vigour and wit, both in prose and poetry, and a large group of his ministerial brethren united in an energetic protest against the unscrupulous falsity, ferocity, and venom of these attacks, led by Dr. Campbell, of the *British Banner*, and Mr. Grant, editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, the paper of the publicans and public-houses, a circumstance which gave Mr. Lynch great opportunity of caustic retort. These attacks were not very important, though very noisy, and, at the time, provoked much newspaper comment, but they might have been treated with silent contempt as only of passing interest. Lynch, however, was sensitive, his temper easily roused, and he could not hold his peace—one of the *genus irritabile*. The storm which they occasioned has been forgotten. The hymns are remembered, and have taken a permanent place in English hymnology.

I have been, perhaps, too prolix in the record of my association with Mr. Lynch. But beside that he was one of the most remarkable men I ever knew, he exercised a greater influence than any single person on my mind and character when it was in its most growing and plastic condition.

XXXIII.—UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

When Dr. Williams's examiners recommended me to wait a year and study at University College, we had removed from the City to Upper Kentish Town, within easy reach both of University College and New College, where I studied after the completion of my Glasgow course. Nearly opposite our house lived Coventry Patmore, whom I frequently saw—rode by his side on omnibus top when he was returning home from the British Museum and I from University College. He invited me into his house to see the portrait of his wife painted by Millais. Another near neighbour was Alexander Herzen, the exiled refugee from Germany who had been banished for the part he had taken in the revolutionary movement of 1848. Another near neighbour was Henry Graves, the very accomplished engraver of pictures, brought out by his brother in Pall Mall. His son was a fellow-student at University College when I was a medical student. We were companions in the botany class under the very able supervision of Dr. Lindley. The business place of young Graves became located in the "large room" of the British Museum Library, where I occasionally met him.

During my first course at University College I attended the Greek class under Professor Henry Malden, and the mathematical class under Professor De Morgan, both highly accomplished scholars and teachers. Professor De Morgan I regarded as one of the most accomplished men I ever knew. He might have been Professor of many subjects besides Mathematics; such as Natural Philosophy, Greek, Latin, History (civil and ecclesiastical). His mind was untrammelled by any orthodoxy. He had the audacity to believe in spiritualism, on which Mrs. De Morgan wrote a volume, entitled "From Matter to Spirit," with a brilliant and thoughtful chapter by her husband.

De Morgan was surprisingly ingenious in devising subjects for exercise papers and contributed largely to the "Penny Encyclopædia," and his exposition of mathematical subjects was full of instruction, both in mathematics and the philosophical principles involved in it. I was greatly interested in his teaching, as long as I could follow it, but when he launched into his double algebra, which he himself invented, I soon lagged behind and ceased to understand him. Irrational functions, such as the root of minus one, became rational under his new system, but the process was deeper than I could follow. The students were sometimes addicted to disorderly behaviour in class, such as throwing paper pellets at distant fellow-students. When on one occasion many such missiles were thrown at me—a proceeding which I strongly disapproved—I was rather surprised that the professor looked at me with an expression of mild

reproach, as if I was the guilty person, forgetting that I was the person attacked, and the missiles must come from the opposite side of the room. Once only did I see anger on the gentle, placid features of Professor Malden, and that was when one of the students put on his hat during class time. The professor flamed with indignation and fiercely exclaimed, "Will you be good enough, sir, to take off your hat?" Mr. Francis William Newman, brother to Cardinal Newman, was the professor of Latin—a profound scholar, and a combative theologian—a singular contrast to his brother. His "Phases of Faith," "The Soul, Its Sorrows and its Aspirations," and "History of the Hebrew Monarchy" raised some fierce controversy. He was more allied to the Unitarians than to any other body—a friend and correspondent of *Martinet*. I heard him lecture once or twice as a visitor to his class. At the general meetings at the end of the session many distinguished men were present, presiding or interested spectators—such as Lord Brougham, Mr. Monkton Milnes, and others. Mr. Crabb Robinson, whose literary breakfasts were so frequent and renowned, was generally present, and Professor Tom Taylor, well known by his contributions to *Punch*. It was an inspiring and memorable circumstance in my life to find myself in close contact with so many great men of world-wide reputation.

XXXIV.—MEDICAL STUDIES.

After the New College studies came to an untimely end, and I returned to University College as a medical student, these associations were much enlarged. Besides the classes required for a curriculum, before a degree can be obtained—viz., anatomy and dissections, physiology, chemistry, surgery, medicine, morbid anatomy, *materia medica*, botany—I added zoology and medical jurisprudence. These classes were conducted by Ellis, Sharpey, Erichsem, Walsh, Jenner, Garrod, Lindley, Grant, and Dr. Carpenter. Professor Grant, the teacher of comparative anatomy and zoology, was an interesting old Scotchman, who drew large diagrams to illustrate his lectures, which he called *coarse daubs*. It was a very small class, and the genial professor entertained us at breakfast at his house during the session. Professor Graham, who taught chemistry, was admirable and quite infallible as an experimenter, but hesitating and sometimes almost incoherent as a speaker, and his pronunciation was something amazing; as when he referred to a substance as "shootable for pharmaceutical purposes." But he was one of the profoundest expositors of chemical philosophy that ever lived, and I felt intense reverence for his depth of thought, brilliance of research

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and subtle demonstrative illustrations. In the chemistry class one of my fellow-students was George Carey Foster, who became afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy. He and the family with which he was connected were members of Mr. Lynch's church and interested in the musical part of the services, in which my elder brother and myself were leaders, first as precentors, and subsequently I became organist. Professor Foster gave me a copy of Beethoven's Mass in C, one of the loveliest of all such compositions, which I still retain and value. Dr. Maudesley, who became eminent as a specialist in brain disease, was also a fellow-student. Another fellow-student was Michael Foster, who is well known by his "Expositions of Physiology." I resided for six months in the hospital as physician's-assistant to Dr. Jenner, and occasionally accompanied him in his carriage when visiting distant patients. He was rather fond of quoting Tennyson's line from "In Memoriam," "I trust I have not wasted breath," after a lecture or a classical demonstration; and while we were riding together I told him that we might retort by a line a little further on in the same stanzas—"What matters science unto men, at least to me?" He was amused and interested in the aptness of the repartee. At that time I was a crypto-homœopath, but took care to keep the fact to myself, though when resident in the hospital I would sometimes administer a dose of a homœopathic medicine when I visited the wards late at night. One of the patients so treated implored me to give him some "more of the same stuff," which I did, for the success had been something swift and striking; but I asked the patient to say nothing about it to students or doctors as such an exercise of private judgment and personal action might get me into trouble. Indeed, my medical heresies did leak out and exposed me to some ridicule and dark looks, both from the medical staff and the students. But it caused no other inconvenience. Mr. Richard Quain was one of the hospital surgeons; his nephew became subsequently President of the General Medical Council. Mr. Quain was a good surgeon, but I cannot say that I regarded him as exceptionally gifted, either generally or professionally. Dr. (afterwards Sir William) Jenner was an admirable classical lecturer, and had at that time acquired fame by his original researches into the diagnostic features of zymotic diseases, especially typhoid and typhus fevers. Many students accompanied him to the Fever Hospital at Islington and were thus shown typical cases of the various fevers. On one occasion when a smallpox case was under observation, Dr. Jenner remarked on the highly contagious character of the disease, adding that in all probability one or more of the visiting students would contract it, which turned out to be true. For

some time I was resident at the Fever Hospital, taking the work of the resident physician, who had fallen a victim to the disease, and gained a knowledge and experience of fever cases which became very useful to me when I practised on my own account. Dr. Jenner was somewhat bigoted and intolerant on medical matters, abhorred homœopathy and all its believers, and if he had discovered my heresies would doubtless have given up all friendship with me. In diagnosis and practical medicine I regarded Dr. Walsh as very much his superior. I once saw the great surgeon Lister, the most daring operator of his time, when chloroform was unknown.

The first time I accompanied the surgeon on his visits to the men's wards over which he presided I nearly fainted at the sight of pain and the ghastly pallor of advanced disease. I became decidedly pale, cold sweat on my forehead, trembling all over, and sat down by the table of the ward till one of my fellow-students, Augustus Baylis, an old friend, and formerly a pupil of my uncle, Dr. J. D. Morell, came to my assistance, and, after I had somewhat recovered, led me away from the hospital, and saw me into an omnibus, which took me home. This was the only time that the sight of suffering or operative surgery thus affected me. Afterwards I could look on at the most serious operations—amputations, removal of tumours from the depth of the abdominal cavity, without the least inconvenience. This is a necessary equipment for a medical practitioner, and from repeated observation I am convinced that a doctor may witness the most terrible sights in disease, the acutest pain and suffering, without becoming hard and unsympathetic. Indeed, this may enlarge his sympathy and make it more intelligent; while the control of his own emotions and their expression or manifestation may be arguments in a corresponding measure.

XXXV.—GLASGOW STUDIES.

At Glasgow I went through the regular and necessary curriculum of three years' study before the degree of M.A. could be obtained—logic, mental philosophy, and natural philosophy, taught by Professors Buchanan, Fleming and William Thomson, afterwards Lord Kelvin. I also attended the Greek class, presided over by Edmund Law Lushington, who married Tennyson's sister, and is described in the closing stanzas of *In Memoriam* :—

" And thou art worthy ; full of power ;
As gentle, liberal-minded, great ;
Consistent ; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly, like a flower."

Also I attended one of Professor Ramsay's Latin classes, and the mathematical class under Dr. James Thomson, father of

Lord Kelvin. Ramsay was an admirable scholar and contributed many articles to Dr. William Smith's classical dictionaries. In all those classes I found abundant interest and instruction. Lord Kelvin's teaching, however, seemed to me too abstract, too much addicted to the higher mathematics, and I soon ceased to follow him. The lectures at the City Hall were given by many distinguished men. Here my uncle (J. D. Morell) delivered his four lectures before enumerated on the "Philosophical Tendencies of the Age." Here Emerson came and spoke with his well-known epigrammatic power. I was introduced to him and walked by his side on his return to his hotel after the lecture was over. His tall figure and the thoughtful expression of his face impressed me deeply. Here also—or in another hall—Charles Parry gave his pianoforte recitals, interesting and memorable, and Lord Kelvin was one of his audience, for he was musical—played the trumpet. He, too, invited the English students and others to his house and was interested in my rendering of the opening movements of Haydn's first symphony in C major. My Scotch fellow-students were not particularly musical. This movement of Haydn's opens with one stroke of the common chord, followed by five repetitions of the simple, key-note. These single notes were not very intelligible to my audience, and I was a little surprised that they burst into a roar of laughter, thinking I was playing the fool on the instrument. But when the subsequent phrase, full of sweet chromatic passages, followed, they saw their mistake, and that their surprise was exactly what Haydn intended. Lord Kelvin was not to be persuaded to give us a solo on his own instrument. Charles Parry in his musical comedy, "Wanted a Governess," *i.e.*, wanted a governess fitted to fill the post of tuition with competent skill, and then followed a list of the things this ideal governess was expected to know—classics, astronomy, geology, mathematics, and heaven knows what else. Here also Henry Russell gave his musical recital, "The Ship on Fire," singing "Man the Lifeboat" and other songs.

XXXVI.—JOHN NEWTON LANGLEY.

My great college chum was John Newton Langley, subsequently Dr. Langley, as the university subsequently bestowed on him the degree of LL.D. He took an M.A. degree, with "highest honours" in classics and philosophy. Like myself, he was more attached to classics than mathematics. He was one of the four competitors for the Williams bursary—the oldest of the four. When leaving the Quadrangle for the natural philosophy class, he would take a pathetic farewell, as if going to execution, of those bound for other classes, with a mock dying commission, "Give my love to my wife and children."

Langley was my bosom friend and companion in the constitutional walks which we took, when we talked over our studies and discussed high philosophy according to our crude conceptions. At one time he contracted typhoid fever, and when he was convalescent I accompanied him to a most beautiful highland retreat, where we lodged together in a rustic inn. His father had been a schoolmaster, and died some years afterwards in Australia. My chum intended to follow his father's example and live by tuition. But when religion held sway over him he renounced his first intention and resolved to be a preacher among the Dissenters. However, after a course at Cheshunt College, he joined the Church of England, and ultimately reverted to his original intention and had a school at Wolverhampton. His withdrawal from dissent was mainly due to the influence of F. D. Maurice, whom we both accepted as our guide, philosopher and friend in theology—the most beloved spirit we ever knew. When Langley married he gave his eldest son the name Frederick (after Maurice) and Theobald (after me), his son being Frederick Theobald Langley. I named my eldest son by the same combination, using the name Maurice as primary, so that my son was Maurice Langley Theobald, and we always called him Langley. Maurice was godfather to Langley's eldest son, and he baptized mine. F. T. Langley is now the chief acting partner in a firm of solicitors at Wolverhampton, the head of the firm being Mr. Henry Fowler, M.P., subsequently Lord Wolverhampton. My fellow-student was feeble in health, probably incurably damaged by the typhoid fever at Glasgow. He died at Bristol some years ago, where he was secretary to the Bristol University, and lived at Redlands. The Glasgow professors were much attached to their pupils. Langley was engaged by Professor Ramsay as tutor to his daughter, and the other professors were accustomed to receive the English students at their houses for music and dinner. Lord Kelvin was at that time a young man, and perhaps looked younger than he actually was. At the distribution of prizes it was rather amusing to see the juvenile professor hand a prize to a student evidently much older than himself, with warm commendation of the diligence by which he had won the distinction.

XXXVII.—MACAULAY.

At one of the social meetings at a professor's house I met Lord Macaulay, who had been chosen Lord Rector for the year. I had been on the Liberal Committee of one of the four "nations" into which the students were divided and spoke in his favour. His address is published with his other works. It was a historical retrospect of the 400 years during which the

college had existed, that year being the centennial anniversary year. His conversation at breakfast the next morning was equally characteristic—full of inexhaustible knowledge. Among other topics introduced was that of celebrated diamonds, and the Lord Rector had plenty of information about those possessed by East Indian potentates, and told many curious facts as to their value, their successive owners, their existing location, and so on. After referring to some of these particulars he was asked, "And what became of it after the rajah had parted with it?" and Macaulay continued his unfinished narrative and completed the story. Carlyle's caustic comment on his history—"Flow on, thou shining river"—was quite applicable to the continuous stream of interesting talk which charmed all who listened to him at that memorable breakfast. There was no matter-of-fact marplot present to dispute the accuracy of his facts or the authenticy of his narrative. The critics have more than once made mincemeat of his narratives. But nothing can spoil their interest, and, after all deductions have been made, they are full of valuable instruction and charmingly told narrative. The wholesale depreciation of Macaulay's historical writings which have become so fashionable seems to me extravagant, and to needlessly ignore or undervalue their real merits.

XXXVIII.—EDWARD MIALL AND THE "NONCONFORMIST." THE CORN LAW ORATORS.

When Edward Miall founded the *Nonconformist* newspaper, in 1841, he visited Danbury when I was at school there, to discuss his project with my uncle. We always took in this paper, and my interest in polities was keenly roused by the reading of it, which I always did, from end to end. The Irish famine of 1849 roused much political agitation, especially regarding the Corn Laws, and this became a leading topic for newspapers and orators, both Liberal and Conservative. For many years Mr. Henry Vincent was constantly engaged lecturing on political subjects, and I heard him discourse most eloquently about the Corn Laws. Vincent had the gift of extraordinarily eloquent utterance. Referring to the Corn Laws, he would represent a wealthy landowner as saying, "What can a cotton-spinner know about the Corn Laws?" His declamatory and rhetorical blazing was extraordinarily vehement and energetic. Thus, invoking the Spirit of Liberty, he would summon its mystic presence in some such language as this: "Boy! let thy glorious features and thy inspiring presence be once more heard through the length and breadth of this afflicted realm! Boy! let thy powerful spirit raise a worthy response in our

rulers and those most capable of realising its desires." Without a dream of criticism I listened to these enraptured discourses. Some years afterwards I heard Daniell O'Connell, but he was old and feeble, and none of the fiery eloquence of early days survived. All that I heard and read made me an ardent Free Trader. I was fortunate enough to be present at a meeting of the Anti-Corn Law League at Covent Garden Theatre, and heard Milner Gibson, Cobden, and William Johnson Fox. Gibson was quietly argumentative. Cobden was luminously instructive, rich in fact and figures drawn from Blue Books and public and private information. Fox was brilliantly eloquent. He was a small man, with a penetrating eye and a musical voice, and his eloquence, once heard, was never to be forgotten. I believe that some of the brilliant passages of his speeches were travellers, as they were well entitled to be, and were produced many times at his orations. He would describe the glorious effects of unfettered trade. "I see France sending her wines; I see America sending her various products; I see Russia, I see India, I see China, I see Italy"—and as each country came into view the impassioned speaker would describe, in a few well-chosen words, their special contributions to human comfort or necessity till the audience was spell-bound by the grand panorama of ideal pictures, and the house rang with sustained and uncontrollable applause. I have heard many eloquent speakers, but for brilliancy of utterance, power of argument, and majesty of representation, I think W. J. Fox was unsurpassed. He became M.P. for Oldham. He was a preacher to the Unitarian, nearly Deistic, audience at South Place, Finsbury, and he edited some periodical devoted to free speech both in politics and theology. He had been a Homerton student under Dr. John Pye-Smith, and, I believe, a fellow-student with my uncle, Dr. J. D. Morell, but he abandoned orthodoxy soon after his college days were passed.

I have occasionally heard John Bright, but only on slight, unimportant occasions not requiring any set speech. The last time I saw him was at the funeral of Edward Miall. Miall, Henry Richards, M.P. for Cardiff, a Welshman, and formerly Independent minister, and others, were accustomed to dine together every week in order to discuss current politics and the mode in which they should be treated in their public utterances by Press or platform.

XXXIX.—THE THEATRE. HELEN FAUCIT, MACREADY, IRVING, SOTHERN.

During my Glasgow days I ventured, in company with a fellow-student, to cross the threshold of a theatre. My visits were frequent, and, I think, a useful contribution to a liberal

education. The first play I ever witnessed was the *Lady of Lyons*, by Bulwer Lytton, in which Helen Faucit took the leading part. She was the greatest actress I ever saw. I saw her as Rosalind in *As You Like It*, as Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet*, as Lady Macbeth, and in one or two other plays, and her acting well interpreted the play. She afterwards married Sir Theodore Martin. I saw, also, Charles Kean, but he made no special impression upon me. The greatest actor I ever saw was Macready, whom I saw in several parts—Hamlet, Macbeth, Richelieu, and (greatest of all) King Lear. I saw him again in London as King Lear, and a more wonderful impersonation I never saw. It was hard to realise that the noble, grand, mad old man, playing with straws, and talking senselessly to his fool, banished from his kingdom, and exposed to the pitiless storm that was raging around him, was not a genuine reality, and when Gloster, in an aside, says, “Is’t not the king?” the old king, who has overheard him, returns to his normal condition—his madness vanishes in a moment; with majestic dignity he draws himself up to his full height and says, “Ay! every inch a king” (IV. vi. 105). Macready’s rendering of this sublime passage was incomparably splendid. No other actor that I have ever heard approached Macready in power and verisimilitude. Sir Henry Irving won a great reputation in his time, and was considered a great actor. I never thought so. No one ever put pieces on the stage more effectively, but as an actor I never thought him even second-rate—not good, but positively bad. His mannerism, his pronunciation (“God” was always “Gut”), and his feeble style repelled me. For example, the first soliloquy in *Hamlet* begins, “Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt.” Macready spoke this soliloquy of distress with the utmost possible agitation, pacing the platform with frequent breaks and pauses. I saw Irving in the same part, and he spoke the soliloquy in a calm, reflective way, seated in his armchair, one leg cocked over the arm of the chair, without a pause, without the least indication of the unutterable agitation which the dramatist intended to express. And, again, in *Coriolanus*, when Coriolanus confronts and defies his enemy, Tullus Aufidius, and contradicts his accusation of cowardice with the words, “Measureless liar!”—to my mind this should be spoken in a voice of thunder, as the utterance of uncontrollable passion. Irving spoke it quietly, in a voice in which no passion could be heard. If it had been only a friendly remonstrance—you are mistaken, or, you do me injustice—it could not have been more pacifically uttered. I thought Irving could scarcely have understood the situation. No! Irving was a good stage manager, but a thoroughly bad actor, and his reputation is to me an insoluble riddle.

After Macready, Sothern, in his single part of Lord Dun-dreary, gave me the most vivid impression of reality. In other parts, as in David Garrick, he did not seem to rise above the average level. Never was a more vivid and amusing impersonation of a middle-headed aristocrat. It was a stroke of genius by which he made a second-rate part more interesting than all the rest put together. David James in *Our Boys* was also supremely effective.

XL.—F. D. MAURICE AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

When I was "removed" from New College I had for some time been accustomed to attend the afternoon services at Lincoln's Inn, where the Rev. Frederick Denison Maurice was the preacher. And I attended the working men's debates and the Sunday evening Bible Classes presided over by Maurice at the hall of the Working Taylor's Association, in Castle Street, Oxford Street. Thus I came to know Maurice, and to know him was to love and revere him. No one associating with him would recognise the great learning which is shown in the philosophical articles which he contributed to the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana"—characteristic compositions, comprising deep wisdom, profound scholarship, and great simplicity, addressed alike to scholars and to youths and ladies. All abstract ideas in his mind were connected with ordinary spiritual experiences, and peasants, as well as adults and savans, would feel their power and appreciate their interior meaning. The debates were attended by ripe scholars and university men, and Maurice was the medium by whom all were united. When the speakers at these debates had concluded, Maurice would sum up their conclusions, and in a few well-chosen words express the thought of each one, accepting everything, rejecting nothing. What was feeble or faulty or mistaken became thus strong and valuable as he, in his usual style, claimed some deep element of truth in every belief that the heart of man can entertain. He was very kind to me when my position at New College was endangered by my heresies. Invited me to breakfast at his house, talked over the differences between me and the authorities, and suggested modes of accommodation without the sacrifice of truth or sincerity. When his own turn came and he was impeached for heresy by Dr. Jelf and the King's College Council, he referred, in a letter to one of the associates of the working men, to his own case as resembling mine and anticipated the same result. I was present at several of the breakfasts when he received friends for interchange of thought and experience. Here I met some interesting men: J. A. Ludlow, who has recently died; well known for his official work in connection with insurance and investment institutions; West-

lake and Vansittart Neale, who took active parts in the propagation of Christian Socialism. Thomas Hughes, the immortal Tom Brown, Lord Goodrich, afterwards Lord Ripon and Governor-General of India, who took Maurice's idea with him to India, did great good and roused fierce antagonism. Lord Goodrich spoke occasionally at the debates, but not very fluently, and with long pauses of hesitation, but the result was always something sensible and worthy of being remembered. The whole of his subsequent career in Parliament and in India bore traces of Maurice's influence. Also Mr. Hansard, who became rector of Bethnal Green, whose son and my second son were fellows at school, and very chummy. Walter Cooper, the Chartist Taylor, who was at the head of the Taylor's Association in Castle Street. He was a remarkably eloquent speaker, and became vehemently rhetorical as soon as he began. Scarcely had he spoken a word before his voice became ringing, his arm was raised, and his gesticulations animated. Under him, in the Taylor's business, was Gerald Massey, now widely known as a poet, and a lecturer on various topics, especially spiritualism. He had then published a small volume of "Lyrics of Love." He gave me a copy. His great and most meritorious work is that on Shakespeare's Sonnets, which is by far the best commentary ever written on those enchanting poems.

XLI.—F. J. FURNIVALL—MAURICE AT HOME—KINGSLEY.

Among those present at the debates and Bible-class meetings Mr. Frederick James Furnivall was usually present—a handsome young man, not then known to fame as a Shakespearean scholar and commentator, and what I saw of him did not lead me to expect that he would achieve any high reputation. I probably misjudged him, as he had not then given to the world any fruits of his study and research. Maurice did not long continue to influence Furnivall very strongly. He became an agnostic in thought when he became a Shakespearean in literature. Indeed, his literary reputation is somewhat damaged by his methods of fixing the chronology of the plays, by hunting up weak and strong endings, run-on lines, central pauses, rhymes and blanks, end-stopped and un-stopped lines, in order to fix the chronology and succession of the plays. All these characteristics have some significance, but Furnivall relied on them too absolutely ; they can only be fairly used when their limitations are recognised, and due reliance is placed on historical and other evidence. And I do not think a first class man of letters would treat his adversaries with such contempt as Furnivall did. His behaviour in this respect was quite the reverse of gentlemanly. Baconians are "over grown children" ; the Baconian hypothesis

"is infinite tomfoolery"; and he wrote to the venerable Dr. Thompson, of Melbourne, a Baconian author, coolly advising him to put himself under restraint till his lunacy was cured. He gave me much the same advice. My friend Langley and I visited Maurice at his house in Queen's Square, and found him in the company of a clerical friend in high discourse on ecclesiastical and philosophical questions. As we listened and joined in the conversation a maid servant entered the room to remove the sofa on which Maurice and his friend were seated. Maurice at once moved and attempted to assist the servant in the removal of the sofa. He stooped, ducked under the seat, tried to raise the sofa on his shoulders, and to take the work of the maid upon himself. Langley and I were greatly amused; his help was not in the least needed, and his intervention was obviously futile, his strength and size were too small to be of much use, but we prized the opportunity of seeing another side and another manifestation of his gentleness and humility. He was as friendly with the maid as he would have been with a bishop; none were too lowly for his sympathy. Louis Blanc was often present at the debates at the Working Tailors' Hall, a small, dark, interesting man, at that time an exile from his native land, after his connection with the revolutionary movements of 1848. Once only Charles Kingsley was present. I was introduced to him, and heard him speak and lecture. He was a tall, powerful man, and when we shook hands together, grasped my smaller hand with such energy as to be quite painful. I learnt, especially from this circumstance, to be very careful when shaking hands with rheumatic persons, knowing that a hard squeeze might cause much distress and long-lasting pain. It had no such effect on me, for rheumatism is no part of my constitutional infirmities, but rather catarrh and pulmonary weakness, and the rapidity of my breathing has often prompted questions as to my asthmatic condition, but that also is no part of my physique. Many of my near relations, including my eldest son, have died of consumption. And in my younger days this seemed likely to be my ending, for copious and exhausting night sweats were very frequent, sometimes necessitating a change of linen three times in one night. All this I have outgrown, and now at the age of 82 am as likely as most persons to live ten years longer.

XLII.—GLADSTONE.

After completing my medical education, and becoming M.R.C.S., I commenced practice at Kentish Town and Camden Town, and married in 1858. But I did not long remain in London; after about a year I removed to Cambridge, where I re-

mained scarcely a year, and then removed to King's Lynn, and then to Blackheath. At Cambridge I had many memorable experiences. The great and illustrious Dr. Whewell was often to be seen walking in Trumpington Road; and at the Senate House, I heard Gladstone speak. It was at a meeting to promote African missionary work, and Bishop Wilberforce was also one of the speakers, and others. But none spoke so luminously and in all respects so admirably as Gladstone. A smooth, easy flow of speech, always using the right word, and never pausing for its selection, was its special characteristic. In after years, when he was member for Greenwich, I frequently heard him. I heard the famous "bag and baggage" speech, spoken under a tent on Blackheath, when the wrath of the nation was aroused by the Bulgarian atrocities, and the wrath of Liberal politicians was stirred by the cynical way in which Mr. D'Israeli referred to them. My eldest son Langley was with me when we heard this speech, and I counselled him to take deep note of the event, and the speech, for history was in the making. I heard Gladstone at Woolwich when the Afghanistan war broke out, leading among other tragic events to the death of Sir Lewis Cavagnari. Gladstone's denunciation of Government action, especially that of Lord Lytton, by which war was provoked, was most powerful, and every statement he made was supported by official documents, which he quoted. But his invective was directed against the measures, not the men, and he several times paused in his oration to tell his audience that his blame was solely attached to the measures, not to their advocates and supporters. "They are as good patriots as I am." Never was a statesman so animated by the spirit of Christian love and philosophic toleration. Some year or two afterwards Lady Cavagnari, widow of Sir Lewis, became a patient of mine in London. She had a suite of apartments allotted to her at Hampton Court Palace, which was sarcastically named "Quality Workhouse"; she was a beautiful, gracious lady, her beauty unspoiled even by the deep sorrow caused by her husband's death.

XLIII.—STERNDALE BENNETT, BACH'S PASSION MUSIC.

At Cambridge I was a member of the Fitzwilliam musical society. Our chief soprano was Mrs. Ellicott, whose husband became Bishop of Bristol—a very admirable vocalist. Among other music, we performed Sterndale Bennett's Cantata, the May Queen, conducted by the composer himself. Afterwards I joined the Bach Society in London, trained and conducted by Bennett himself, and sang in Bach's Matthew passion music many times—perhaps in nearly all the earlier performances of it in

England. Once this music was performed at Windsor Castle. This was in Easter in 1859. It was a great event for all concerned, the Queen, the Prince Consort and the Royal Household being present. The choir dined at various Windsor hotels and after the evening performance had supper in St. George's Hall at the Castle. We were somewhat disappointed because the music was conducted, not by Sterndale Bennett, who sat inactive in front of the orchestra, but by Mr. Anderson, the Queen's Band Master. We thought he should have allowed Sterndale Bennett to take his place, for he alone knew the music well, and we were accustomed to his conducting. Indeed, at one point we nearly came to grief for want of skilled guidance. In the Passion Music the narrative part of the Evangelist's history is given in recitative, and the spoken words in melody, for single voices or chorus. There is one short chorus of only a few bars, to the words, "Lord, is it I?" The words in recitative leading to these words are, "And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one to say unto Him," and then with instantaneous "attack" the little chorus follows, and the words "*Is it I?*" are tossed about from one part to another with passionate reiteration. Most accurate conducting is here necessary or the whole chorus is spoilt. Mr. Anderson did not conduct with the requisite precision. Fortunately, the choir knew the music so well that we almost immediately recovered, and few would notice the slight hesitation at the commencement. It is now generally admitted that Bach's Passion Music is the most sublime oratorio ever written. The majestic choruses, the sublime chorales, the enchanting solo-melodies, the stately-moving eloquent recitatives—all combine to place this noble work of genius on a more exalted pinnacle than that occupied by any other similar composition.

XLIV.—PROF. FLINDERS PETRIE.

When practising at Blackheath, I frequently acted as a substitute for my friend and colleague Mr. William Rowbotham, who was often incapable of visiting owing to attacks of acute gout. I take pride in having visited the family of Mr. Flinders Petrie, and attended to his young son "Willie," who had repeated attacks of asthma. He is now known all over the world as Professor Flinders Petrie, professor of Egyptology at University College. He was the only child of an elderly couple, themselves archaeologists, and Willie was an antiquarian when a young child. I used to chaff him for the litter of curios which were scattered about his bedroom. His antiquarian studies and researches began early, and when quite a youth he wrote a curious paper on old or existing roads, and the course taken as

indicated by wayside hedges and trees. I have visited his exhibition of Egyptian relics at University College several times, and always had some interesting conversation with him. He shakes his head sceptically at the Baconian hypothesis, and my "Studies" which I sent him have not changed his attitude. He now looks more like an Egyptian than any man I ever knew, with his tall figure, black hair and beard, dark complexion and oriental expression of feature. He has well earned his high reputation. His family when they left Woolwich came to the Avenue, Blackheath, and were my patients, and remained so even after they had removed to Bromley, where Mrs. Petrie died.

XLV.—JOHN AND FREDERICK MORGAN.

While at Camden Town I attended the family of John Morgan, the artist. His son Frederick still lives, and generally exhibits at the Royal Academy. His pictures are well known, especially those reproduced in oleograph. John Morgan was a most interesting man; his son inherits his artistic gifts, but there is a humour and expression of character in the father's pictures which those of the son do not possess in the same degree. John Morgan was full of humour, with subtle observation of men and manners,—a great admirer of Thackeray; and he generally had one of Thackeray's works in his hand or his pocket. His eldest daughter, some years younger than Frederick, was born at this time, a few weeks before the birth of my eldest daughter. And his "Lilly" and my "Emma" became bosom friends. John Morgan was a delightful *raconteur*. He told us how he went to one of the revival meetings of Moody and Sankey, and joined those who, after the service, went into an adjoining room, set apart for "Anxious Inquirers," where they received counsel and special prayer. John Morgan reported the prayer of the evangelist who attended to him, thanking the Lord that "our brother Moody" had been instrumental in touching so many hearts, and leading them to the Saviour. The evangelist asked his interesting penitent what was his occupation, and John Morgan replied, "A painter," which was also presumed to mean that he was also a plumber and glazier. The story was infinitely amusing, but I could not help feeling that the facetious narrator was a little infirm in reverence and veracity. But to know the Morgans was both a pleasure and contributory to romantic thought and keen observation.

XLVI.—WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT.

At Kentish Town I became acquainted with William and Mary Howitt, and through them I had some personal acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall ("Shirt-collar Hall," as he was

humorously called, his initials being aptly descriptive of his neck-gear. Mr. and Mrs. Howitt were then in the zenith of their fame as poets and journalists. Their eldest daughter, Anna Mary, was variously endowed with genius, both as artist and poet ; and I knew and attended her for many years after she became the wife of Marie Alfred Watts, son of the poet of the same name, who became Vice-President of our Bacon Society. The Howitts were confirmed Baconians, and, indeed, my first knowledge of the Baconian hypothesis was given to me by Mr. Watts. The circumstance is related, without names, on the first page of my "Studies." Friendship with the Howitts was in itself a liberal education, and I saw much of them. William Howitt had a vein of pugnacity in his nature, and waged fierce and inflexible warfare against social abuses, especially the Game Laws, and the grinding oppression under which land-labourers and small artisans lived. Mary Howitt was more devoted to poetry, and some of her lyrics and poetic fancies hold their place in many recent anthologies. Mr. and Mrs. Watts were also true poets, and published a volume of poems of their joint production, entitled "Aurora," each poem signed either A.A.W. or A.M.W. It is a collection of enchanting poetic dreams and visions. This volume professes to be written under occult influences, and all these interesting and accomplished people were earnest believers in Spiritualism, and wrote prose and poetry, and made lovely plain or coloured pictures, while their hands were, as they contended, moved by unseen powers. William Howitt wrote in prose, and the unseen intelligences, which were supposed to dictate his utterances, were, like himself, vigorous in assailing various forms of social and political evil. So far as I have observed, all spiritual communications take their complexion from the mind through whom they are "ultimated"—as if sent by a twin spirit in the hidden realm. The drawings were symbolic, representing spiritual facts and ideas by outward forms—flowers, figures, temples, architectural designs, etc. The Howitts lived in a small picturesque cottage called the "Hermitage," on Highgate Rise, near where Coleridge used to live, and I have hanging in my hall a small water-coloured drawing by Mrs. Watts, representing a summer-house in the Hermitage garden, embowered and almost concealed by luxuriant foliage.

XLVII.—SPIRITUALISM.

It is the fashion to speak of Spiritualism with contempt, as the product of imposture or delusion, but the testimony of such sane and intellectual adherents as the Howitts is a sufficient answer to this cheap scorn ; and I have seen many other manifestations of occult power which no amount of ridicule can discredit.

I have had a long conversation with a “*voice*,” for which no visible body could be seen ; and a similar audible voice, when I only listened but did not converse, was heard by me on another occasion. Once I kept an appointment to meet a lady who had been my patient for some years, but whom I had never seen. We met at the house of a mutual friend, and besides the mutual friend and my patient, I saw another elderly lady, whom I took to be the mother of our mutual friend, and saluted her with due civility. Some time afterwards I called on this common friend, who had become my patient, and was introduced to her mother, with whom she lived. To my surprise I was introduced to a lady I had never seen before, and asked who the third lady was who was present at my previous visit. I was told that no third lady had been present, so that the third lady was visible to myself alone. It seems that the two ladies visibly present had noticed the somewhat distracted expression of my face at the outset of the previous interview. My earlier patient wrote me recently,—“I remember very well the episode, especially the look on your face, which was explained when you told us of your clairvoyance ; you were evidently looking at something or someone ‘beyond,’ as we entered the room.” Such experiences as these have not been frequent to me ; indeed, I have no other record unless the following may be regarded as similar. On one occasion, late at night, I was reading (it was Stanley’s “*Life of Dr. Arnold*”), and I became drowsy, and the hands holding the book dropped, although I did not go to sleep, but ceased reading, and resolved to retire to rest, and, as it seemed to me, rose from the two chairs on which I was reclining and left the room. But I could not go further than the foot of the stairs and returned, and as I returned, I saw my own body still extended on the two chairs, and I remember how different my trousers looked from an outsider’s point of view to that of the wearer. There must have been a quasi-separation between soul and body, the separated spirit having its own organs of perception by which sight was possible without a material eye. Thus my own small experiences confirmed the evidences of the eminent persons I have named. And many other men of intellectual powers have been Spiritualists ; I have already referred to Professor De Morgan and Mr. Lynch as Spiritualists, and I might name many others. In some cases darkness seems to be a necessary condition for spiritual manifestations. Hence the “dark cabinet” has been used, and foolish critics have contended that this was a contrivance to cover imposture. I saw the Davenports, whose occult displays were thus given, and I am persuaded that the necessity of darkness could not explain away the phenomena manifested through them. Other mediums have exhibited similar phenomena under similar conditions.

Doubtless imposture has been a true explanation in some cases, and when trickery is detected in one case, the inference is immediately adopted that the same explanation applies to all the rest, the logical canon being ignored that imitation implies reality. I am persuaded that very few cases of trickery have really occurred, and in these cases their significance has been enormously exaggerated. Pitiless persecution has been resorted to, and absolutely innocent persons have been sent to prison by ignorant and prejudiced magistrates who are not one whit more endowed with judicial impartiality in such cases than the most casual and commonplace "man in the street." Spiritualists themselves have exposed and denounced trickery more vehemently, and with better logic, than unbelievers.

My friend Mr. A. E. Waite reminds me that the attitude of journalists and the public generally in reference to Spiritualism, has greatly altered during the last few years. The bitter intolerance and contempt, the plentiful imputations of trickery and imposture, the prosecutions in the police courts, never occur now. There is an undercurrent of belief, which prevents scurrility and persecution.

XLVIII.—J. J. GARTH WILKINSON.

About this time I became acquainted with another Spiritualist magnificently endowed with intellect and imagination, Dr. James John Garth Wilkinson. He was a medical practitioner and a homeopathist, and was in frequent attendance on my father and sister. Dr. Wilkinson was the most distinguished Swedenborgian of his time; he edited and translated many of Swedenborg's writings, and contributed introductory prefaces of sterling excellence. The greatness and splendour of Dr. Wilkinson's writings may be judged by the very extraordinary encomium of them which Emerson wrote in his volume on "Representative Men." "Swedenborg the Mystic" is the title of one of the chapters, and in it he writes: "As to Swedenborg's writings, now —after a century is complete—he has at last found a pupil in Mr. Wilkinson, in London a philosophic critic, with a co-equal vigour of understanding and imagination, comparable only to Lord Bacon's. The admirable preliminary discourses with which Mr. Wilkinson has enriched these volumes throws all the contemporary philosophy of England into the shade." This is high praise, and when it was written it was undeniably just. But at that time Martinean's great philosophical works had not been published; and I hold that Dr. Martinean deserves the same praise, and in even a greater degree. Swedenborgianism is indeed the crowning expression of Spiritualism, and many thoughtful Spiritualists have been more or less convinced

Swedenborgians. Dr. Wilkinson was of necessity a Spiritualist, and was in full sympathy with its general modes of expression both in England and America. He was himself possessed of occult gifts, and published a small volume of poems, entitled "Improvisations of the Spirit"—poems, as he affirmed, written through his hand but not proceeding from his mind. On one occasion when I visited him, he gave me a copy of this little book, and told me how it was produced. He would simply put his hand to paper, with pencil ready, and wait for power, which soon came, and he wrote. "I will see," he said, "if anything is communicated about you. *He stands* is the first phrase given"; and in a few minutes he puts into my hands the following verses,—

"He stands upon a hill of green,
Where flowers are rare and sad ;
But brighter things are round him seen,
And things to make him glad.

The sky hath openings when the earth
Hath closed her bosom drear ;
Then gird thyself for spirit-birth,
And choke the snakes of fear."

These lines very aptly reflected the somewhat troubled and sorrowful state of my mind at the time they were written. Dr. Wilkinson's style of writing was singularly felicitous and picturesque, more in his earlier writings than the later, which seemed to me less poetic and more didactic. Indeed, I regarded him as one of the greatest masters of eloquent and imaginative English I have ever known. In this respect Wilkinson, Ruskin, and Martineau are bracketted together in my mind. I did not always assent to his teaching. He wrote a review of my uncle's "Philosophy of Religion," and strongly controverted its main thesis—that the essence of religion is a state of feeling, and that one of absolute dependence. No one, he affirmed, ever felt this, and no angel; and I disputed his denial, believing that the deep mystery of life and death, of nature, of boundless space, and endless time, is a soundless deep which no philosophy can ever fathom; and that the sense of this inexplicable fact, and of our inclusion in its mystery, does really involve a consciousness of absolute dependence on a power which is for ever, and of necessity hidden. This conviction remains, but my own bias towards Swedenborgian philosophy, and its profound exposition of the doctrine of Correspondencies as pervading all nature, and linking together the natural and spiritual realms, is unalterably fixed. It is a priceless organum of literary and dramatic criticism. Many of the events and metaphors in the Shakespeare plays illustrate this doctrine, and sometimes in a very striking way, as I will immediately prove by a sample. Before doing

this I may record the fact that Spiritualistic phenomena were abundant in Dr. Wilkinson's family. His brother's wife had most remarkable drawings given through her hand. She was not an artist, and when she was told to use water colours and a brush, rather shrank from the attempt. But the result was extraordinary. I saw a most wonderful picture drawn by her, representing a shrub on which was growing three bell-shaped flowers of different colours, deep blue, golden, and scarlet. Rays of coloured light from these flowers spread long, luminous reflections, the three colours mixing, and yet distinct, so that the gold could be distinctly seen traversing the scarlet and blue, and so with the rest, all three shown in the same space. I am no artist myself, but I doubt whether such blending without confusion of different colours is possible by ordinary art.

XLIX.—CORRESPONDENCIES IN SHAKESPEARE.

Of the doctrine of Correspondencies, as illustrated in Shakespeare, many illustrations might be given. So far as Bacon is concerned his *Philosophia Prima* is really a philosophy of Correspondencies, and most of the canons of that philosophy may be illustrated from passages from Shakespeare. I have noticed this in my "Studies" (p. 125) : "In the language of mystic philosophy, Shakespeare's art is the continent and ultimate of Bacon's philosophy; there is a perfect correspondence and continuity between them. As the natural world is created by influx from the spiritual world, and is its counterpart and representative, so is the poetry of Shakespeare poured forth, as influx from the creative thought of Bacon's science, giving to it a concrete presentation—a living, organized counterpart." And the same is implied in other passages. The most striking illustration I can find is in Marlowe, who is regarded by most Baconians as one of Bacon's aliases. In the *Massacre of Paris*, the Guisians are on the war-path hunting out heretics and killing them. They come upon Ramus in his study, and are commanded by the Duke De Guise to stab him. Ramus remonstrates, and asks what offence he has given; and Guise replies :

"Marry in having a smack in all
And yet didst never sound anything to its depth.
Was it not thou that scoff st the Organon,
And said it was a heap of vanities?
He that will be a flat dichotomist,
And seen in nothing but Epitomies,
Is in your judgment thought a learned man."

Bacon also hated Ramus, and for the same reason; for his Dichotomies and Epitomies, "The canker of Epitomies," "a rebel against Aristotle, etc.," are his words. It is not easy to

see how a soldier could have taken this kind of offence, and and revenged it so mercilessly. The slaughter of Ramus, though an actual fact, became in Bacon's mind symbolical ; it is a parable of his philosophy, to be interpreted by something analogous to Swedenborg's doctrine of correspondencies rather than by literal construction. It is not perhaps likely that any such mystical scene was contemplated by the poet—though even this is possible. The internal sense, which was one of Bacon's philosophical persuasions, ultimated itself in this way.

L.—T. LAKE HARRIS.

Dr. Wilkinson's company was sought, especially by spiritualists and Swedenborgians, from all parts of the world, who had been interested and instructed by his thoughtful and eloquent speech. Through him I came to know one of the most remarkable men of his time, Thomas Lake Harris, the founder of the Fountain Grove Settlement in California, to which Laurence Oliphant was attracted. He claimed for himself the possession of supernatural endowments both physical and mental. Death in his case was to be abolished, and his translation into another state of being was to be effected by some such process as St. Paul and the early Christians anticipated for themselves and for their brethren. But Harris was *not* caught up by the Lord in the air ; he died of disease at an advanced age, and this was almost a scandal to his followers ; but somehow they explained and justified it as an exceptional case. I heard him preach several times in Edward Street, Portman Square, and his discourses and his prayers were in a strain of exalted fervour and persuasiveness that left no hearer unimpressed. While listening to his rapt orations and petitions, goodness and piety appeared entirely natural, and sin and selfishness almost impossible. You might mistrust the supernatural gifts to which he laid claim ; but few could fail to be stirred by his inspiring speech. He was a true poet, and when his poetry stoops to the level of ordinary intelligence, it is exquisitely beautiful. I will give a specimen which I happen to remember. My reproduction of it may not be absolutely faultless, but of the general accuracy I am sure. It is a hymn on the birth of a new-born child, and here it is :—

" It bloomed in essence on an angel-earth
 Then to our love was given,
 Fair child of Paradise, we greet thy birth,
 Sweet gift of inmost heaven.

 What Father-love above our own is yearning,
 What Mother-love above
 We dimly know ; in thy young life is burning
 The lamps of God's own love.

Child of the skies, thy beatific essence
 Was thought from God's own brow,
 Thou in thine immost hast not left His presence
 Though we embrace thee now.

God of the angels, help us in receiving
 This child, for it is Thine,
 Into our hearts, adoring and believing,
 To infold Thy love divine.

Help us to mould its life to Thine evangel
 Till all its self-hood dies,
 And it becomes, through love, a conscious angel,
 Cleaving again the skies.

L1.—JUDGE WILLIS.

Soon after my settlement at Blackheath, I was in attendance on the Outhwaite family, one of whose daughters became the wife of Judge Willis, and here I met Judge Willis, who had just begun practice as a barrister. He was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met. In the first place he was a most inexhaustible talker, the most voluble man I ever met. Whatever topic might arise, he would launch forth into talk and continue *ad lib.* And he was just as eloquent, rhetorical and energetic in voice and action in speaking to a single person as he would have been in addressing a large audience. On one such occasion, when I alone was his audience, his wife was occupied with needlework at the other side of the room, and would occasionally interject, "William! William!" while his harangue was proceeding; but nothing arrested its impetuous course. A dear cousin of mine, when I told her this, said it reminded her of a similar event when I was at her father's school at Danbury. It was my turn to say "Grace before meat" at tea-time; and instead of saying Grace in the usual form, in a single short sentence, I waggishly launched out into a long prayer, for the Queen, the Royal Family, the Houses of Parliament, all Churches and preachers, etc. The usher standing opposite tried to stop my extended form of Grace, occasionally muttering, "Robert! Robert!" but I would not be stopped. The joke was so good that it need scarcely be counted as a violation of the third commandment, for the Divine Name was not irreverently used, nor in reality was it taken in vain.

Willis was devoted to puritanical literature, especially to Milton and all his works; he had a prodigious library, covering all four sides of a very high room. His memory was charged with Miltonic poetry, which he would spout *ad lib.*; he wrote also about Cowper, and other subjects. He was interested in the Baconian theory and opposed to it. But his opposition did not express itself in a very creditable way. He published a trial, constructed by himself, in the case of "Shakspeare *versus*

Bacon," a purely imaginary case, but published without any intimation that it was not a reality. A very learned friend wrote to me about it in the following terms: "So ambiguous were the terms of its introduction, that many who read it—Law students especially, black boys from India, and beyond the seas—thought it to be a genuine old law report of an actual case, and went to the librarian of the Middle Temple, Mr. Hutchinson, a good Baconian, asking him if he could direct them where to find the original, and the popular press was no less deceived, for I remember one of those sanguineous organs declaring that Willis's 'discovery' had settled the Shakespeare controversy, and that it was 'all up' with Bacon and the Baconians."

Another book which Willis wrote, "The Baconian Mint Examined," was an argument against the 14th Chapter of my "Studies" on the classic fiction of Shakespeare. Willis undertook to prove that the words which I produced to illustrate my thesis showed no special classic knowledge, but were common-places in the speech and literature of the time. I need not enlarge on this, or show how remarkably fallacious were the arguments he used and the paragraphs he quoted in refutation of my contention. I can only say that for gross inaccuracy and misrepresentation I never met with its equal in literature. In the preface to a cheap issue of my "Studies" I have said, and so far as possible proved, that "throughout this book Mr. Willis is engaged in contradicting what I have never asserted, or in saying with argumentative, and even combative, emphasis what I have never denied." In one instance he convicted me of a mistake, and in that case the Oxford Dictionary is equally faulty. In reference to my admission of error, Willis, with exquisite courtesy, said that my confession was made only to cover the ignominy of my defeat. With all his blunders and incivilities Willis was an amiable, kindly man, but his impetuosity made him violent in speech, pitiless in cross-examination of witnesses and uncivil in addressing his fellow-counsel, and even the judges of the court. His vehemence was once amusingly exhibited in Parliament, when in the exuberance of his eloquence his hand came down with crushing violence on Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's hat. As a county court judge his violence lost its opportunity, and his kindness was often shown by the way in which he helped unfortunate debtors out of his own pocket. Notwithstanding these attacks on my book and myself, he remained a good friend to the last, even after I had rebuked and exposed his fallacies and absurdities in the pages of *Baconiana* and in the new preface to my "Studies." He came to my house when a clever little pianist, a patient of mine, gave a pianoforte recital. He was no musician, as he was no philosopher, and in both these respects he displayed the lack of these

qualities on this occasion. I asked him if he was a musician, or could sing. "Only in chapel," was the reply. In reference to some course of action referred to as beneficial to humanity, he said he knew nothing of humanity or any such abstractions; all he knew was single men. Soon after, with curious inconsistency, he spoke of his duty to society as a judge. "Why, there you are!" I exclaimed, "admitting your obligation to an abstraction, which you have just said is non-existent, so far as you are concerned."

LH.—GRACE HUMPHREY.

As to the pianist whom Judge Willis heard play at my house, I may record somewhat of the history of my relations to her. One Sunday morning her father came to me asking for some medicine for his daughter, nearly eight years old, who had an attack of jaundice. I gave him what was required and promised to call the next day. As he was leaving he said, "My little girl has some talent for music; she plays some of Bach's fugues and Beethoven's sonatas." This interested me—that so young a child should play such advanced music. The next day, when I called, I saw a little girl deeply jaundiced, lying in two chairs, quite unable to sit up. After attending to her medically, her mother, to show her keen musical perception, said, "Grace, dear, tell the doctor what this note is," striking the piano, "and this"—several times. The child each time answered correctly. At my next visit she was better and could sit up to the piano, and the little lady, sitting on a high stool, too short to touch the ground with her feet, played first Bach's prelude and fugue in D major, No. 5 of the 48, then Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith" with variations, then Beethoven's "Nel-cor-piu" variations without a mistake. The child was a shrinking, timid little girl; but as soon as she was seated at the piano her timidity vanished, and the piano was as much a toy as her doll. A short time afterwards I heard her in public, in Baker Street, and before seating herself at the piano she deposited her doll on a chair. "My little minstrel," as I called her, came to my house several times, and went with me on some of my professional visits and played to anyone who asked her, and everyone was surprised at her remarkable gift. "This is *genius*, not simply talent," remarked one of my patients to whom she played. She was 21 years of age last March, 1911, and has now completed her musical education at the Kensington School, where she won a scholarship for three years, subsequently extended, in consideration of her great promise, and has about six medals—gold, silver, and bronze. She has played frequently at the school concerts. On one occasion she took the solo part in Beethoven's Emperor *Concerto*, the

whole of which she has played to me, *Memoriter*. A musical newspaper reports of one of her performances in these terms:—"That rising young pianist, Grace Humphery, who has a most sensitive touch, played a beautiful romance by Sibelius with delightful appreciation, following it with a brilliant performance of a difficult and showy valse by Glazounow. No less than five recalls were required to acknowledge the sincere applause which was elicited; but Miss Humphery is destined for higher work than that essayed on this occasion." Grace is now an orphan, having lost both father and mother during the past two years.

LIII.—MINNIE THEOBALD. LESLIE'S CHOIR.

I have a little more to record relating to my musical experience. My younger brother's second daughter has a great gift as a violoncello player, and an extensive teaching *clientèle*. She has classes and has repeatedly played in public, and given recitals on her own account, and is probably one of the best lady 'cellists in the country. She studied at the Guildhall School of Music and has sometimes acted for her teacher when absent. Her father is musical, but less gifted than some others of our family. He sings well, and was at one time a member of Henry Leslie's choir. I applied for admission to this same choir, but was not accepted because my voice was not considered good enough. This failure I thought just under the circumstances, but the trial of my voice did not bring out its best qualities. I sang Mendelssohn's song, "Italy," and played my own accompaniment. It would have been better if someone else had accompanied me. And in a part-song, which I did not know, I sang accurately at sight, but the high tenor allotted to me was more suited to an alto voice and was beyond my compass. I heard afterwards that Mr. Leslie spoke well of my performance, and when I met him afterwards at Cambridge, where he conducted his oratorio, "Immanuel," in which I took part, I had some conversation with him and referred to my rejection, and, as he seemed troubled and a little surprised at my failure, I relieved his mind by telling him I had no complaint to make, but thought the reasons alleged were good and sufficient.

LIV.—MR. JOHN FARMER.

What I have said about my niece as a 'cellist may indicate the fact that musical talent is hereditary in our family and has culminated in my gifted niece. This is not entirely the case. My own eldest daughter is as distinguished in pianoforte playing as her cousin is in 'cello playing. When very young she showed great talent for music and her musical memory was remarkable.

At that time I became acquainted with Mrs. Hancock, whose brother, Mr. John Farmer, was music teacher at Harrow, and she persuaded me to take my daughter to him. She played to him Heller's arrangement of Schubert's "Forelle" from memory and soon became one of his favourite pupils, playing in the recitals given by his more advanced pupils. Mr. Norman Grosvenor and Mr. Gurney, who wrote a considerable volume on music, were her fellow-students at Harrow, and afterwards in Bond Street, where Mr. Farmer had a branch school of music. She made rapid progress, and at Mr. Farmer's concerts played *memoriter* Beethoven's "Waldstein Sonata," Listz's arrangement for pianoforte solo of Bach's organ fugue in A minor, Brahms's Hungarian waltzes, and much of Schumann's delightful music, including the pianoforte part in his quintette. Mr. Farmer was an admirable teacher, and himself very skilful in playing the compositions of others and in improvisations on his own account. He had several canons in teaching music. First of all Bach was to be always included, alike with the most elementary and the most advanced pupils. Beginning with the *Inventions* for beginners, he would go on to the various *Suites*—the Chromatic fantasia and fugue, the forty-eight preludes and fugues, and the Concertos for two or three pianofortes. Another rule was not to teach expression, but to leave the pupil to his own judgment and taste in order to find out the right and artistic way of reproducing what he had learnt mechanically. A third rule was never to require perfection on the first study of any composition, but to leave a completer performance for repetition work, so that practice was always divided between new and old pieces. Another rule was to accustom his pupils to play either to a company or in public. For this purpose recitation classes were established, to which visitors were invited, and all the pupils took part. Mr. Farmer had branch schools of music in different parts of the country, and often sent the pupils whom he called his "rocks," and Emma went to Derby to attend one of these distant recitals. When Mr. Farmer himself was present, he introduced his pupils merely as learners, and told the audience not to look for perfection. When Emma played at Notting Hill, I overheard one of the audience say that it was all very well for Mr. Farmer to describe the performers as elementary, this young lady is evidently an old hand. But she had not then been a year under Mr. Farmer's tuition. Mr. Farmer was full of wit, and sometimes shocked his interlocutors by his uncompromising politics and ecclesiastics, in which he really exaggerated his own democracy and dissent. He sometimes gave musical and dramatic sketches resembling the style of Charles Parry, of former days. He would imitate the crude and blundering play of ambitious pupils who had travelled far

and paid highly for the teaching of celebrated masters. The typical young lady of this class was Miss Wimelcroft and her brother Harry, whose father, an ignorant man, had made his fortune, and resolved that his daughter should be well-taught. He would boast of the large sums of money he had expended for this purpose, adding, "But I don't grudge it a bit," which Mr. Farmer related with inimitable provincial pronunciation. Mr. Farmer would imitate Miss Wimelcroft playing "Mi' piece," looking alternately at the music and her own hands, and never quite succeeding in reproducing the copy. Between these comic episodes Mr. Farmer would flourish and fantasy on the pianoforte with wonderful dexterity. When Emma married and lived at Knockholt, Mr. Farmer visited her, and conducted, at the village hall, a performance of his beautiful cantata, "Christ and His Soldiers," Emma playing the accompaniments. When he left Harrow he became organist at Balliol College, Oxford, where Emma visited him, and afterwards, when he was very ill, sent such gifts as she thought would be acceptable to a sick and suffering man. One of his sons was an actor, and has constantly taken part in *Charley's Aunt*.

LV.—M. L. THEOBALD.

My eldest son, Maurice Langley, was musical. He and I played pianoforte duets, some of Bach's organ fugues, etc., and he sang various songs to my accompaniment. Alas ! he died of tuberculosis October 3rd, 1879, to my great and lasting sorrow. For he was in many ways clever and thoughtful, a very accomplished mathematician, thanks to Mr. Airey's admirable teaching at the Merchant Taylor's School. He was also well advanced in classics. He was my cherished companion, as well as my dear son. After his death our friend Frederick Morgan painted his portrait, which hangs up in my dining-room, taken from a photograph which was made at Marazion, in Cornwall, where he went when fatally ill, hoping to gain recovery at the south coast. But it was a fruitless journey, and he died about five weeks after his return. Mr. Airey came to see Langley when he was dying, and when he left tears were in his eyes. He was a rugged, somewhat stern master, but had a tender nature. After Langley's death he came to see Frederick Morgan's portrait. Langley and I were both choristers at St. Stephen's, Lewisham, a very High Church, where the music was admirable. The semi-papistical services alone would not have attracted me, but I was drawn there by the noble, intellectual preaching of Mr. Hancock, and for the sake of that I endured without protest all the millinery and attitudinising and sacerdotalism that would have in itself repelled me, and

which, indeed, always seems to me in conflict with common-sense, irreconcilable alike with philosophy and religion. This, however, only shows how various are the possibilities of human thought and belief, and that what one man may regard as childish folly, or positive idolatry, may appear to another man as the necessary form by which worship must express itself. No finer expression of this side of toleration can be given than that by Tennyson in "In Memoriam" (see the 33rd group of stanzas).

LVI.—LORD AND LADY MOUNT TEMPLE.

CANON WILBERFORCE.

Soon after commencing practice I became physician to St. Saviour's Hospital, Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park, founded and supported by Mrs. Palmer. It was especially devoted to the practice of the Mattei system, which I accepted as a subordinate branch of homœopathy. Here I learnt to know one of the most gracious, refined, and benevolent ladies living, Lady Mount Temple, and was present at many of the theological meetings held at her house in Great Stanhope Street, where Mr. Farquhar read a series of papers—profound and philosophical—which were afterwards published in a volume entitled, "The Gospel of Divine Humanity," a title suggestive of Swedenborgian affinities. Some time afterwards I spent a few days at Lord Mount Temple's beautiful house at Broadlands, in Hampshire. Canon Basil Wilberforce was then at Southampton, and in Lord Mount Temple's company on Sunday I heard him preach, and subsequently lunched at his house. He visited Broadlands during my stay there, and I had some interesting conversation with him, narrating, among other things, some of the spiritualistic events that had occurred in our family. The Canon listened to the recital with thoughtful and sympathetic interest, showing that he by no means shared the vulgar contempt with which such facts were at that time received in journals and in Society. Canon Wilberforce seemed to me to be an earnest and eloquent preacher, not quite so eloquent as his father, Samuel, Bishop of Oxford, but quite as solid and advanced as a thinker and a theologian.

Mattei's medicine though called a System of Electro Homœopathic medicine, is not really a System at all. It is not founded on any laws of nature independent of that which governs all specific treatment; and the medicines it employs are secret,—and secrecy is the enemy of all genuine science. It has, however, great value; the remedies which it introduces have remarkable efficacy, when rightly applied, and I have seen some cases of heart disease much ameliorated by the use of the medicines which the Count calls *Ant-Angioiticos*.

LVII.—MRS. TALBOT COKE.

In connection with St. Saviour's Hospital I was brought into connection with many interesting persons. Lord Roberts and Lady Roberts and family, and Colonel Pole-Carew, their associate and friend in India, were among my patients. Also Mrs. Talbot-Coke and her father, Major Fitzgerald, and Mrs. Peel, belonging to the family of the great statesman. These were either patients or friends, or both. Mrs. Talbot-Coke was accustomed to write for a weekly paper paragraphs relating to household decoration, answering the questions of correspondents, and suggesting modes of ornamentation, etc. The wealth of knowledge shown in these paragraphs was remarkable. I asked her where it all came from, and she said, "Here," pointing significantly to her forehead.

LVIII.—TOYE'S ORPHANAGE.

At Blackheath one of the most interesting men I ever knew was Mr. Toye, the founder of an orphanage, originally at Milwall, subsequently at Lewisham. It was my pleasure and privilege to attend Mr. Toye and the children of his Orphanage for some years. The Orphanage was conducted on the same lines as that of Mr. Müller's at Bristol—that is, he depended for every necessity, for every meal, for every article of clothing, on daily providential supplies. He did not advertise, or pray so loudly as to be overheard—he simply waited. Sometimes he had finished the food supply at breakfast, and waited on the Lord for dinner, and dinner was sure to arrive in due time. He was a remarkable man, patriarchal in appearance as he was saintly in character. One of my friends, who often sent him supplies, called him Polycarp. Once when I visited him he told me that a little while before, when cold weather was approaching, he was very anxious that the children should have cloaks—"it was not to the Lord's honour that they should have no cloaks"—and he made a somewhat urgent appeal to his celestial Banker and Provider representing the serious danger lest the Divine character should He be discredited by the impoverishment of the orphanage, and the exposure of the children to injury. Very soon afterwards, Mr. Toye told me a large parcel of cloaks came from an unknown source, containing the exact number required to supply all the children. The good old man has been dead many years; his son still carries on the orphanage on the same lines.

LIX.—MRS. CARL HEATH.

About this time I became acquainted with one of the most remarkable families I ever knew, Mr. and Mrs. Holden and their

family at Birmingham. It was a family of geniuses. Mrs. Holden wrote some of the sweetest and most intellectual letters I ever received. The eldest daughter (now Mrs. Carl Heath) is a poetess of unusual excellency, and has published several small volumes of poetry, — "The Songs of Christine," "Argemone," "Songs at Dawn," "Israfel and Eone." Another daughter is a very skilful animal painter; her pictures will even bear comparison with Landseer's. Two other daughters draw somewhat in the Burne Jones style, illustrating books of poems, etc., by lovely little etchings. The eldest son is an eloquent lecturer, his chosen topic being Socialism. I visited this family of geniuses in 1885, when Mrs. Holden was suffering from advanced cancer, from which she soon after died. Mr. Heath and his father are known by their publications, and by the work of the son as secretary for the Peace Society for promoting arbitration as a substitute for war.

LX.—THE BACON-SHAKE-SPEARE CONTROVERSY.

And here I approach the last chapters of my story, my connection with the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. I have referred to my first introduction to it, through the Howitts and Mr. A. A. Watts. When Mrs. Pott published her edition of *Bacon's Promus* with a very able introduction from her own pen, I wrote a review of it for the *Nonconformist* newspaper, to which I frequently contributed reviews and brief essays. Mrs. Pott's estimate of this curious scrap-book of phrases, sentences, proverbs, etc., in English, French, Latin, Italian and Spanish, is I think true, and the proofs that it was used in the composition of Shakespeare unassailable; but I thought she was too bent on bringing Shakespeare into all the entries, and leaving none for other uses. Consequently a large number of the passages produced as parallels are absolutely irrelevant. But with all its inaccuracies, and they are numerous, it is a very valuable book. I very soon became acquainted with Mrs. Pott, and was present when the Bacon Society was founded at her house. From the first I edited the *Bacon Journal*, and sent contributions to every number. Some of these are contained in my *Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light*. After two or three years the Bacon Journal ceased to be regularly published, but it was subsequently revived as *Baconiana*, a quarterly journal which is issued with tolerable regularity. The chief acting-editor is Mr. W. H. Smedley, a well-furnished literary scholar, whose library now contains a large collection of books which formerly belonged to Bacon, and contains many of his annotations, some of which have marked reference to the Shakespeare plays. In due time it is hoped that these annotations, with the paragraphs annotated, may be published. They are sure to throw most

useful and convincing light on the many problems connected with Bacon's authorship. Mr. Smedley has written to various journals many letters in vindication of Bacon as the true Shakespeare, and I consider these letters give most powerful statements of our case, and deserve a permanent place in our literature, and if the letters to which they are a reply were included, so much the better. Nothing could show more convincingly how current objections to the Baconian theory can be met. Mr. Smedley is the father of Constance Smedley (Mrs. Armfield), whose excellent stories are well known. Another daughter is professor of Chemical Science and Research at Manchester. These facts give another illustration of the fact that Baconians do not all belong to the idiotic section of the community, as our opponents habitually assert. Our bacillus is not of the lunatic type, but rather of the generative and productive order.

LXI.—DR. CHURTON COLLINS.

When Mr. Churton Collins published his book *Shakespeare Studies*, in which there is a chapter on the "Baconian Bacillus," I found it was so full of absolutely false statements, without the slightest basis of fact to sustain them, especially about myself and my "Studies," that I wrote to Mr. Collins, pointing out his errors, and demanding either proof, or retraction and apology. This learned violator of the ninth commandment could not, or certainly did not, justify his quasi-facts, and yet declined to withdraw them or to apologise. The whole correspondence, with all the falsities in Mr. Collins' book, is fully detailed in the pamphlet which I issued, exposing this extraordinary behaviour, *The Ethics of Criticism, as illustrated by Mr. Churton Collins*. I have no wish to speak with unnecessary harshness of this distinguished and learned man, but, without a touch of asperity, I cannot conceive how he can be acquitted of wilful falsehood, so baseless are his assertions, and so absolute their exposure. In other respects I doubt not that his words may be accepted, and his accuracy admitted, but in all that relates to the Baconian controversy, I have no hesitation in denouncing him in the vehement phrase of Coriolanus as a "Measureless Liar." In this I know I am violating the conventional maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. I decline assent to this mischievous aphorism, and prefer *De mortuis nil nisi verum*; but let the *verum* be stated calmly and without invective. Posterity is entitled to profit by a record not only of the good deeds but also of the false and evil deeds of distinguished men—and its judgment is, as a rule, merciful; the good is commended, sometimes exaggerated, and the evil as far as possible excused and minimised; for in literature there is no place for the unpardonable sin.

LXII.—SIR E. D. LAWRENCE.

The Baconian community now numbers many influential and many learned men. In England our richest and most generous adherent is Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, whose library at Carlton House Terrace contains many priceless volumes; the earliest editions of Bacon's *Organum* and other works, Shakespeare folios, including that of 1623, and all recent Baconian literature. Sir Edwin has himself written a book entitled *Bacon is Shakespeare*. It contains few new arguments; its chief value consists in the large number of plates representing the monuments and persons connected with Bacon, his life and works; and with Shakspere his life and acts.

LXIII.—BACONIANISM IN SCOTLAND. STRONACH. DRYERRE.

We have had some very able and well informed adherents in Scotland. Mr. George Stronach, of the Advocates Library, Edinburgh; Mrs. Helen Hinton Stewart, of Glasgow, who has written a valuable work on the supernatural in Shakespeare, in which Bacon's views on the supernatural are shown to correspond exactly with that presented in the Shakespeare plays. Mrs. Stewart now lives at Hampstead, and has more than once visited me, and our conversations on the many topics in which both are interested have been very pleasant. In music also our tastes agree. Another very able advocate of our thesis is Mr. Henry Dryerre, who lived at Blairgowrie, and was a constant writer for the *Glasgow Argus*, to which he contributed a valuable series of papers on Baconianism. I have visited both Stronach and Dryerre, going to Blairgowrie, especially in order to visit professionally Mrs. Dryerre, who soon after died of cancer. Dryerre was a delicate man, and when I first saw him I was struck by the milk-white pallor of his complexion. He was then suffering from the elementary stage of pernicious anaemia. He spent a few days with me at Blackheath, on his way to the Riviera, where he hoped to find recovery in the warmer atmosphere of the Mediterranean coast. My eldest daughter was at Monte Carlo at the same time, and they often met. When poor Dryerre's condition was hopeless, Emma went to see him, and directed the landlady to provide, at her expense, everything necessary for his comfort. He died soon after, and his daughter remained in the south, having been affianced to a young Italian who resided there. Dryerre was one of the most tender-hearted men I ever knew, and when we parted he kissed me most fervently. He went with me to Knockholt and helped me on my return home, when I had met with a serious accident, tearing the capsule of my knee-joint, and causing injuries which

necessitated the use of splints and bandages for some months. I was a bed-ridden invalid when Dryerre took his loving and, as it proved, lasting farewell. A volume of Wordsworth, elegantly bound in morocco, which he gave me, is among my most valued literary treasures. It is the edition admirably edited by Henry Morley.

LXIV.—IRELAND, SIR F. CRUISE. FATHER SUTTON.

In Ireland, the Baconians have had many highly intellectual adherents and capable apologists. Mr. George Moore is among them, but has written nothing about the subject. Also Sir Francis Richard Cruise, M.D., a very able defender of other literary reputations, has made a special study of Thomas à Kempis. He is the Royal Physician in Ireland. I have had most pleasant and instructive interviews with him in London, both on the Baconian topic and others in which we alike take interest. He has sent me his large volume on the life and writings of Thomas à Kempis, and his own translation of the *De Imitatione Christi*, in which, besides more accurate translation, the order of the several sections is revised. The most accomplished of the Baconian adherents in Ireland is Father Sutton, S.J., of Mumgret College, Limerick, a most genial and kindly man. He has visited me and accompanied me to Knockholt, where he won the admiration and affection of my daughter and her family. He has written much for the *New Ireland Review*, including a very laudatory review of my "Studies." These articles are collected into a volume, entitled "The Shakespeare Enigma." Father Sutton seems especially attracted by the mystic, Swedenborgian features in my "Studies," and has more than once quoted the passage in which I have claimed that there is such a correspondence between Bacon and Shakespeare that the concrete facts in Bacon are ultimated in the spiritual world of Shakespeare (see p. 125 of the "Studies").

LXV.—PROFESSOR DOWDEN. BOMPAS.]

Professor Dowden, of Dublin, is very friendly to Baconians, and seems to me "almost persuaded" to join our ranks. He does not yet own this; on the contrary, he disowns the imputation of a distinct Baconian belief; but I cannot help thinking that there must be some *arrière pensée* in his mind, and that it will sooner or later come to the surface. He has written in the *Contemporary Review* a learned paper on the "Self-revelation of Shakespeare." In this he seeks for a "tangible personality" in the plays. Others writers, especially Balsac and Browning, secrete crypto self-portraits in their works, and so does Shakespeare. But the marks of a "tangible personality" which he

points out have not the least resemblance to the features of William Shakspere, but are entirely adapted to the personality of Francis Bacon. And there are many other traces of personality which the learned professor, who knows all about them, judiciously (I dare to say) omits, such as the far-reaching classical knowledge, the familiarity with courts and royal environments, his evident dislike of mobs, and preference for aristocracy; his friendship with certain noble lords, such as Lord Southampton, and the "incomparable pair of brethren" to whom the Folio of 1623 is dedicated. Such traits as these belong essentially to Bacon, and cannot easily be connected with a playwright who would not have dared to associate himself with a member of the aristocracy, or have dedicated his poems to him. No aristocrat would have permitted any member of a despised and outcast class, belonging to an illiterate family, most of whom could neither read nor write, never educated at any university or great public school, one who if educated at all could only possess such education as could be obtained by more or less regular attendance at a remote country grammar school, to put his name to a dedication. Why did Professor Dowden omit to notice such items of self-revelation as these?

One of the members of our Bacon Society was Mr. George Cox Bompas, a very distinguished lawyer, brother to his Honour Judge Bompas, who was a fellow-student of mine at University College. Mr. Bompas visited me at Blackheath. He has published a very meritorious book on "The Problem of the Shakespeare Play."

LXVI.—AMERICA. CRYPTOGRAMS. DONNELLY. MRS. GALLUP.
DR. O. OWEN.

The largest number of our adherents are in America, and with many of these I have corresponded; some have visited me. In 1888 Mr. Ignatius Donnelly published his book on "The Shakespeare Cryptogram" in two large volumes. He came to England to launch his book, and I met him first at the house of Mr. Francis Fearon, brother to Mrs. Pott, a keen lawyer and a convinced Baconian. Afterwards Mr. Donnelly visited me at Blackheath and stayed a few days. Mr. Donnelly gave me a copy of his book, with the "compliments of his friend, Ignatius Donnelly." The first volume of his book is a very able and convincing statement of our case, as a matter of literary criticism. Till Mr. Greenwood wrote his book there was no better exposition of the question. The second volume dealt with cryptogram, and on this I hesitate to speak, because my personal impression of Mr. Donnelly made me think him as honest as he is gifted. But in the cryptogram I see great gifts but small

honesty. I can find in it nothing but a gigantic imposture. In reviewing the book in the *Bacon Journal* I said that it was either an apocalypse or a fraud. Mr. Donnelly did not relish this alternative, but I could not alter it. I do not wish to say more; I leave the question open. And I must say much the same of Mrs. Gallup and her book on Bacon's "Biliteral Cipher," and Dr. O. Owen's books, in which he professes to disclose a most amazing historical story, absolutely incredible to me. I have met both Mrs. Gallup and Dr. Owen—the lady seemed a prepossessing, matronly dame, the doctor a keen, sharp-looking Yankee. He has lately become somewhat notorious by his diggings in the river Wye in search of Bacon's MSS., which were supposed to be secreted in some hermetically-closed cavity at the bottom of the river. It has, of course, all come to nothing. One can only suppose that he would not have undertaken a task of so much labour and expense unless he had some belief in its validity. Again I must leave both the doctor and the lady as insoluble enigmas. I met Dr. Owen at the house of Sir E. D. Lawrance, but had no personal intercourse with him.

LXVII.—SOUTH AFRICA. CALDECOTT.

Here also I met Dr. Hillier, afterwards M.P. for Hitchin, whose recent death by suicide has caused so much sorrowful interest. His uncle was house surgeon at University College Hospital when I was resident—a hard-working, earnest student with the merits and success of a plodder. I did not regard him as the possessor of high intellectual gifts. Alfred Hillier visited me at Blackheath and bought a copy of my book. He had become a Baconian while practising as a physician in South Africa, and won some renown by his professional writings and research. He was, I believe, intimate with my friend, the late Mr. Henry Caldecott, a very earnest and enlightened Baconian, who wrote and lectured much on our cause—published a little volume entitled "Spoils," Baconian nuggets gathered by his own research. He visited me at Blackheath and I found him full of interesting knowledge, both in literary and Colonial matters. Mrs. Caldecott is also a very superior lady. One of her pupils was Olive Schreiner. Her daughter visited us and stayed some time during the vacation of their school at Cheltenham. The eldest one died suddenly some time after, and was found dead, in ball costume, some hours after her death. Mrs. Caldecott has been a frequent correspondent of my daughter and her letters are always deeply interesting.

LXVIII.—AMERICA. APPLETON MORGAN.

To return to America. One of the earliest writers on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy was Dr. James Appleton

Morgan, of Westfield, New Jersey, a skilled lawyer and a writer of inexhaustible wit and irresistible force. In 1888 he published the "Shakespeare Myth, or William Shakespeare and Circumstantial Evidence," with the very appropriate motto from Virgil—

"Sic vos non vobis nidificatis aves;
Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves:
Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes,
Sic vos non vobis fertis aratra boves."

I wrote a review of this when it first appeared. Every page sparkles with wit. The "Myth" is only stated in the book, no solution is attempted; Bacon's authorship is not distinctly claimed, but is implied in many pages of this book, besides in the Part V., which is devoted to the Baconian theory, and indeed to eject William Shakspere is equivalent to the substitution of Francis Bacon; and Mr. Morgan states the case pro-Bacon and contra-Shakspere with convincing clearness. And yet withal he has posed as an orthodox Shakespearean, edited *Shakespeareana*, and discussed such *mal-a-propos* questions as to whether any of the descendants of Shakspere were to be found in America. These flights of fancy and fallacy were republished in a volume entitled "Shakespeare in Fact and Fiction," and in reviewing it I could not but chaff the author on the ambiguity of his utterances—bowing his manly front in the house of Rimmon, doing prostrate homage before the shrine which he had desecrated—and likely to join Mr. Furnivall in mooning among the Stratford-on-Avon meadows, "watching the cows" whisking their tails in those consecrated pastures, in order to study Shakespeare in his ancestral haunts. I did not know when I wrote know how my reproaches would affect Mr. Morgan; I presumed that he would take offence, as most men would, and I never expected any friendly communication from him. But when my "Studies" were published he wrote me a most genial and friendly letter, and though I could not recall my reproaches I felt sorry I had been compelled to write them. And I have had many equally pleasant letters from him, in which he subscribes himself "With best wishes in *secula seculorum*, dear Doctor, always faithfully yours, A.M." And in his own autobiography he refers to me as the "grand old man of the Baconian camp." Never was a more kindly correspondent; he even admitted mistakes which I pointed out in reference to the attitude of the Bacon Society to the Donnelly business, and refers good-humouredly to the "Rimmon" sentence. Even in recent years Appleton Morgan has posed as a doubtful Baconian and a still more doubtful Shakespearean.

LXIX.—DR. ISAAC HULL PLATT.

A debate between himself, representing Shakspere, and Dr.

Isaac Hull Platt, representing Bacon, was held a year or two ago, and no genuine orthodox Shakespearean ever made out a better case for Shakspere than Appleton Morgan did; but he could not answer his own book. Dr. Hull Platt is a very accomplished man of letters and an enlightened Baconian. I have had much delightful correspondence with him, and his portrait hangs in my dining-room, side by side with Begley, Dowden, Martineau, Beethoven, Dr. Morell, F. D. Maurice, Dr. W. Theophilus Davison, and George Macdonald. A year or two ago my deepest sympathy was enlisted on his behalf by a terrible sorrow that overtook him. His eldest son, 21, a promising young lawyer, met with an accident at that most murderous and suicidal game, football, by which the bones of his neck were broken, and he became instantaneously paralysed. He lingered a year or two and then died, patient and hopeful to the last. He himself expected to recover, but his father, more skilful in surgical prognosis, had no such expectation; the young sufferer promised his father a good thrashing when he recovered, as a penalty for his despondency. "Never in my life," the doctor pathetically wrote to me, "did I ever desire anything so much as that thrashing!" Dr. Platt is a devoted admirer of Walt Whitman, whose poetry is almost an extension of Emerson's prose; and has written and sent me a brief biography of this remarkable peasant-poet and mystic. I may here parenthetically note that I met Emerson in Glasgow, and heard him lecture, and walked side by side with him to his hotel after the lecture was over. Dr. Hull Platt joined Appleton Morgan in the editorship of *Shakespeareana*, a journal which opens its columns to all who have any light in criticism to supply about Shakespeare, and allows Baconians the same liberty as others. I hoped that Dr. Platt might visit me as he himself intended, but his life is very insecure; he has undergone some operations for gall-stones, and his health is too infirm for European travel. I have had many friendly letters from Mr. W. H. Edwards, of Pittsburg, who sent me a copy of his admirable book, "Shakspere Not Shakespeare." I hoped he might visit me on a projected visit to Europe, but alas! he has gone to the "Undiscovered country from which no traveller returns."

LXX.—FLIES IN THE BACONIAN POT.

America has yielded a fairly good crop of folly and extravagance, as well as wisdom and understanding, in the field of Baconian polenies. Perhaps the most wild, extraordinary and extravagant book ever written on our case is that of an American writer, Mr. J. E. Roe, who sent me his book, "The Mortal Moon, or Bacon and His Masks." He claims for Bacon, and attempts to substantiate his claim by parallel passages, many books

attributed to other authors extending even into the eighteenth century. Among them Stubb's "Anatomy of Abuses," Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Holy War," De Foe's "History of Apparitions," "History of the Devil," some or all of Addison's writings, Swift's works, and heaven knows what else. Unfortunately many of the comparisons between those writings and those of Bacon are taken from the translations of Bacon's Latin, and in their prose form were never written by Bacon at all. And even in English, Mr. Roe confounds words which are spelt alike, but are different in meaning. Thus, the word *lose* or *loose*, used in the current sense of privation and spelt *lease* in Elizabethan literature, is confounded with the technical word *lease*, meaning term of occupation. Thus Bacon writes:—"Flowers beaten or crushed *lease* the freshness and sweetness of their odour" ("Syl. Syl." 390, etc.).

In the Sonnets the other sense is found and used with a lawyer's technical accuracy:—

"So shall that beauty which you hold in *lease*
Find no determination" (Son. 13).

It is indeed strange that any fairly-educated man can fall into such confusion.

LXXI.—EDWIN REED.

A far more sound and sane Baconian champion was Mr. Edwin Reed, who has written largely on our controversy. He came to England, and took lodgings near the British Museum in order to prosecute his Baconian researches. He spent several days with me, and I have had many charming letters from him, abounding in instructive information, lucid expositions, and sparkling wit. His book, "Francis Bacon our Shakespeare," is well known, as well as his astonishing collection of "Parallelisms." This volume of 400 pages contains 885 parallels between Bacon and Shakespeare,—most of them are good, many bad, and many more indifferent. Indeed, I cannot but think that Mr. Reed in his quest for parallels rather overdid the business, and admitted many that were either not relevant or unimportant; and of course this gives the enemy cause and opportunity to blaspheme. But that does not matter! Mr. Reed was an earnest and enthusiastic worker in the field which he has so chivalrously cultivated. His health was feeble and he has joined the majority. His niece, Miss Victoria Drummond, is now in England studying vocal music for operatic work. She has visited me and been my guest for some days,—a most gifted and companionable young lady.

LXXII.—BACONIANISM IN GERMANY. MEIER—HOLZER.

Baconian study has greatly flourished in Germany, where Shakespeare is read in the schools and universities almost as much as Schiller and Göethe. The most distinguished Baconians in Germany are Dr. Konrad Meier, of Dresden, and Professor Holzer, of Heidelberg. With both of these I have had much correspondence, and Dr. Meier has visited me and listened with pleasure and admiration to "my little minstrel," who played to him Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," and other classical works of Bach and Beethoven. Professor Holzer has not visited me, but has sent his two daughters. Both of these learned men write excellent English, but Holzer generally writes to me in German. Dr. Meier has written a masterly volume on "The Classical Element in Hamlet," full of new light on Shakespeare's learning. I have translated it, but the translation has never been published. It ought to be; as a commentary on *Hamlet* it is invaluable. No English edition of *Hamlet* is so rich in classical annotations. Dr. Meier and Professor Holzer are the only two German Baconians with whom I have corresponded. But there are others not less learned and thorough. Indeed, the German public seems to have favoured the Baconian theory more than the English public have—about as much as the Americans. Mr. Edwin Borman published his elaborate (not altogether sound) work, "Das Shakespeare Geheimniss," nearly twenty years ago, and the English translation of Henry Brett is dated 1895. The translator's preface gives the names of fifty-four learned scholars who are avowed Baconians, and forty-three periodicals which have noticed it favourably, and neither Meier or Holzer are included in his list, their adhesion being more recent. Doubtless a much larger number could now be compiled, for as soon as the question is started, it travels, and additional recruits are constantly added. Dr. Holzer has written many brief tractates—pamphlets on the "Bacon-Shakespeare Frage," one of which I have translated and published, "Wer War Shakspere??" The title contains these three notes of interrogation.

LXXIII.—SPEDDING. BAYLEY. AMES. GREENWOOD. ABBOTT.

With most of the English advocates of Bacon I have conversed or corresponded. I had a few letters from Mr. Spedding, who sent me a copy of "The Conference of Pleasure," with a reproduction of the Northumberland House MS. Mr. Castle's book and Lord Penzance's are valuable, but I have had no communication with them. Mr. Harold Bayley, belonging to a family well known in Swedenborgian circles, was the editor of *Baconiana* before Mr. Smedley, and I have had much intercourse, oral and epistolary, with him. Both he and Mr. Parker

Woodward are members of the Council of the Bacon Society, where I have met them, but shall probably never see them again as I cannot attend the meetings. Mr. Percy W. Ames, the learned secretary of the Royal Society of Literature, is one of my valued friends, and by his invitation I read a paper, which is published in the transactions of the Society, on "Bacon is a Poet," not directly claiming for him the Shakespearean plays and poems, but giving such illustrations of his poetical gifts as lead directly to this conclusion. Mr. Ames has written and lectured on this subject, for which he is well qualified by his knowledge of Elizabethan literature. He is one of our most valued champions. At the Hall of the Royal Society of Literature, I heard Canon Beeching read a paper the object of which was to refute the arguments of Mr. Greenwood in his masterly treatise, "The Shakespeare Question Re-stated." It seemed to me that Canon Beeching's paper was argumentatively feeble, and needlessly censorious. Mr. Greenwood, who was present, had no difficulty in answering him. With Mr. Greenwood, besides meeting him on this occasion, I have had much pleasant correspondence. His work may be regarded as a *rade mecum* for Baconians. Although it is chiefly concerned with William Shakspere as an impossible substitute for Bacon, it advocates Bacon's claim with unanswerable force. Indeed, this is scarcely necessary, except for the sake of making the argument complete. As soon as the Stratford quasi-equivalent is removed, Bacon necessarily steps into his place; there is no rival, although one or two others have been feebly advocated, especially by German writers, Peter Avor and Karl Bleibtreu. Their advocacy of Essex and Lord Montgomery are perfectly negligible quantities; no one that I have heard of either endorses or refutes them—their literary offspring is born paralytic, quite unable to stand or walk.

LXXIV.—DR. ABBOTT.

I have had some correspondence and personal interviews with Dr. Abbott. I saw him at the City of London School, when my second son was one of the boys. His edition of Bacon's "Essays" gives much indirect Baconian argument, and his introduction of Mrs. Pott's edition of the "Promus" shows that our arguments have much impressed him. He is probably a crypto-Baconian, though I have no positive evidence on this point beyond my own impressions.

LXXV.—WILLIAM THEOBALD.

My cousin, William Theobald, a few months older than myself, who died three years ago, was a learned scholar and a

staunch Baconian, and has brought to the study of Shakespeare an amount of classical knowledge never shown by any other writer. His book, "The Classical Element in Shakespeare," is his lasting monument. Like all such books, the classic references are not all of equal validity. Some are probably quite mistaken. But even these prove a classical atmosphere, both in thought and expression. In this book no less than 130 books or authors are referred to as containing passages which either were, or might have been, sources of the corresponding passages in Shakespeare, and he points to over one hundred passages in Shakespeare which reflect passages in Ovid's "Metamorphoses," besides those in which other writings of Ovid are reflected. My cousin's classical knowledge was first gained at Harrow, and then increased by his own private study. He did not study at any university, but lived in India and Burmah most of his life, engaged in scientific research into the flora and fauna of our Indian colonies.

LXXVI.—G. DAWSON. J. S. MILL. CHESS. G. MACDONALD.

In a few brief sentences I will refer to other interesting or eminent persons whom I have known or heard speak. George Dawson was gifted with remarkable powers of extemporaneous discourse. He was fellow-student at Glasgow with my uncle, Dr. J. D. Morell, and at Glasgow he acquired his M.A. degree. In the classes he was not particularly distinguished, but in the debating society he was supreme. He became minister of the Church of the Saviour at Birmingham, where I heard him preach. The music there was admirable, the organ well played, and the singing most delightful. I preached for him once, and my text was, "A living dog is better than a dead lion," and the choir sung Spohr's lovely melody, "Children pray this love to cherish," as well as "Go when the morning shineth" to an enchanting melody by Haydn.

The great and gifted philosopher John Stuart Mill lived very near my residence at Blackheath, and I often saw him. I heard him speak at St. Martin's Hall when he was candidate for the Parliamentary representation of Westminster. His thoughtful and instructive speech was listened to with admiration. At the close he was vigorously heckled. Many questions were put, some of which were intended to be posers, but no question embarrassed him; every one was answered with a fulness of knowledge and depth of political thought, and an accuracy of expression, as if he had made that particular topic his special study. I never knew him personally, but often met Miss Helen Taylor, his step-daughter, who was intimate with some highly intelligent patients of mine, the Lindley family. William

Lindley was an architect and civil engineer. He told me that the Cannon Street Station was constructed according to his design, whether given professionally or not I do not remember; and he planned and superintended the execution of the water-works at Frankfort. He was fairly Liberal, but hated Gladstone, and spoke of him with a rancour that shocked me. Probably Gladstone's theological orthodoxy alienated him from William Lindley, who was profoundly sceptical—almost atheistic. I was often at his house, where he had parties for chess, in which I took part. I have played with some of the most noted of chess players,—Lowenthal, Steinitz, Blackburn, Bird, Zukertort, and others, and even on two rare occasions won a game of Lowenthal, and another of Blackburn; but these were pure accidents. These great players could give me a rook or a knight and win, but the greatest players are liable to oversight. I won a game of the chess automaton at the Crystal Palace. Gunsberg was the concealed player. I often saw Mr. Mudie, the librarian, playing chess at Simpson's in the Strand. I knew him well, and had pleasant interviews with him, and knew intimately some of the most influential gentlemen in his establishment at New Oxford Street.

On several occasions I have heard George Macdonald both preach and lecture, and have had some personal intercourse with him,—first at Manchester, before he won renown as a novelist, but had published some poetry; and afterwards at Kensington, where I accosted him at the South Kensington Railway Station, and reminded him of our meeting at Manchester. He thanked me for stopping him and recalling the Manchester meeting. His Shakespeare lectures, especially on *Lear* and *Hamlet*, were admirable and illuminating; his poetry of an elevated tone, both as to its poetic art and devout feeling. His preaching was most inspiring, both intellectually and spiritually. He was a truly great and noble man—a true poet, a real saint.

LXXVII.—MRS. BESANT. A. J. SCOTT. SIR H. BISHOP.
REV. W. T. DAVISON.

I have repeatedly heard Mrs. Besant speak—a marvellously gifted lady, quite unrivalled among ladies as a public speaker, both for alluence of thought and freedom of expression. Her departure from the agnosticism of Bradlaugh, with whom she was associated, to occult mysticism of theosophy, is a strange and interesting story.

Professor A. J. Scott, principal of Owen's College, Manchester, is a man whom I have frequently heard, and knew personally at Manchester. When I knew him first he was minister of a small chapel at Woolwich, where an uncle of mine was one of his

constant hearers. I have heard him at Glasgow and London, and his discourses were always couched in his highest vein of philosophic thought.

Once I heard Sir Henry Bishop, whose song, "Bid me discourse," etc., besides his other vocal compositions, are well-known. He lectured in Crosby Hall, where there was a literary institution to which I belonged, singing his own songs to his own accompaniment.

One of the noblest preachers I ever heard is the Rev. W. Theophilus Davison, principal of the Wesleyan Training College, Richmond. I heard him first at Scarborough, when we were taking our usual summer holiday there, and his preaching was so thoughtful and impressive that I went to a lecture which he delivered a few days after on "The Friendship of Books" (the title of one of Maurice's volumes). He occasionally preaches at Blackheath, and I rarely fail to be present. He is an interesting, scholarly man, author of some admirable books and pamphlets on theological subjects. I have had some correspondence with him, especially relating to Martineau, whom I thought he somewhat undervalued, but the two are widely separated, both in ecclesiastical position and in some of the most vital points of Christian doctrine. Differences of opinion in such men as these do not imply any personal hostility. It is quite possible for one thinker not only to differ from another, but to debate differences amicably and to profit by them.

LXXVIII.—DR. DAVID WILSON. DR. J. KIDD.

Among my own professional brethren I have been pleasantly intimate with two, wide as the poles asunder—Dr. David Wilson, a staunch and stern homœopathist, a faithful disciple of Hahnemann, and Dr. Joseph Kidd, who is more associated with the homœopathic than the allopathic branch of the profession, but who in truth is rather allopathic than homœopathic. In medical matters he is eclectic, rarely using any other medicines than the crude tinctures ; it may be said of him that he uses allopathic materials with homœopathic applications. He believes that more depends on the adjuncts of practice, skilful nursing and regulated diet, than on any drugs. He never solves the homœopathic equation, selecting a drug corresponding exactly to the case treated. I know him intimately and have repeatedly met him in consultation, and in cases of illness in my family, myself included, he has either visited or treated us. In fertility of medical and nursing expedients I have never met his equal, and, if he is only nominally a homœopath, he must be valued for what he is, not for what he is not. He is an excellent man, benevolent, generous and devout, and in theology somewhat

allied to the Plymouth Brethren—the narrowest and most exclusive of all sects—and, so far as theology and philosophy are concerned, I cannot profess any great sympathy or admiration for him ; and it has often appeared to me that men who are greatly gifted in practical and outward matters are exceptionally deficient in high thinking and philosophic insight. But there is no human being without his limitations.

LXXIX.—MY EXPERIENCES IN HOMEOPATHY.

I may here record one or two of my own personal experiences in homeopathy. On one occasion I was asked to come out and see a man who had fallen on the pavement outside my gate, and seemed to be very ill. I found a tall, gaunt-looking man, deadly pale, and almost lifeless. As soon as he had somewhat revived, I stooped down and asked him what was the cause of his collapse, and he replied that "it was only the cold stage of ague." I asked some of the bystanders to help him into my kitchen, and then I questioned him about his illness. On reviewing his symptoms, I thought *Bryonia* was the medicine indicated, and I gave him at once a dose and a powder to take with him, and asked him to see me again in a few days. After a week or two he came, looking absolutely well, strong and radiant. The *Bryonia* cured the intermittent fever, and it had never returned. At another time the same disease seemed to point by its symptoms to *Cina*, which surprised me, as *Cina* is chiefly used in helminthiasis (worm diseases). *Cina* cured the case at once. At another time *Arsenicum* seemed to me to be indicated, but it did no good, and, on more careful investigation, *Sulphur* appeared to be the right remedy, and it was immediately successful. All these cases were treated with transcendental—*i.e.*, very infinitesimal—doses of the drug indicated.

LXXX.—SLIGHT IMPORTANCE OF FOOLISH OR EXTRAVAGANT ADVOCACY.

I never have believed that either medical literature, or Baconianism, or any other department of thought and action, is materially injured by the mistakes and even frauds and absurdities of some of its most conspicuous adherents. Baconianism is not hurt by the tomfooleries of the inventors of cryptograms. What is ingrained dishonesty withers before criticism. Error dies and is soon forgotten ; the truth lives. Yet, even what is false and fleeting may have its use in ventilating the subject, and in provoking not only interesting discussion, but investigation ; for anyone who attempts to expose or refute whatever he thinks is bad or false must of necessity study the

whole question, and the fact soon emerges that any perversion or unsound imitation is an unwilling testimony to the truth which it caricatures or misrepresents.

LXXXI.—REV. WALTER BEGLEY.

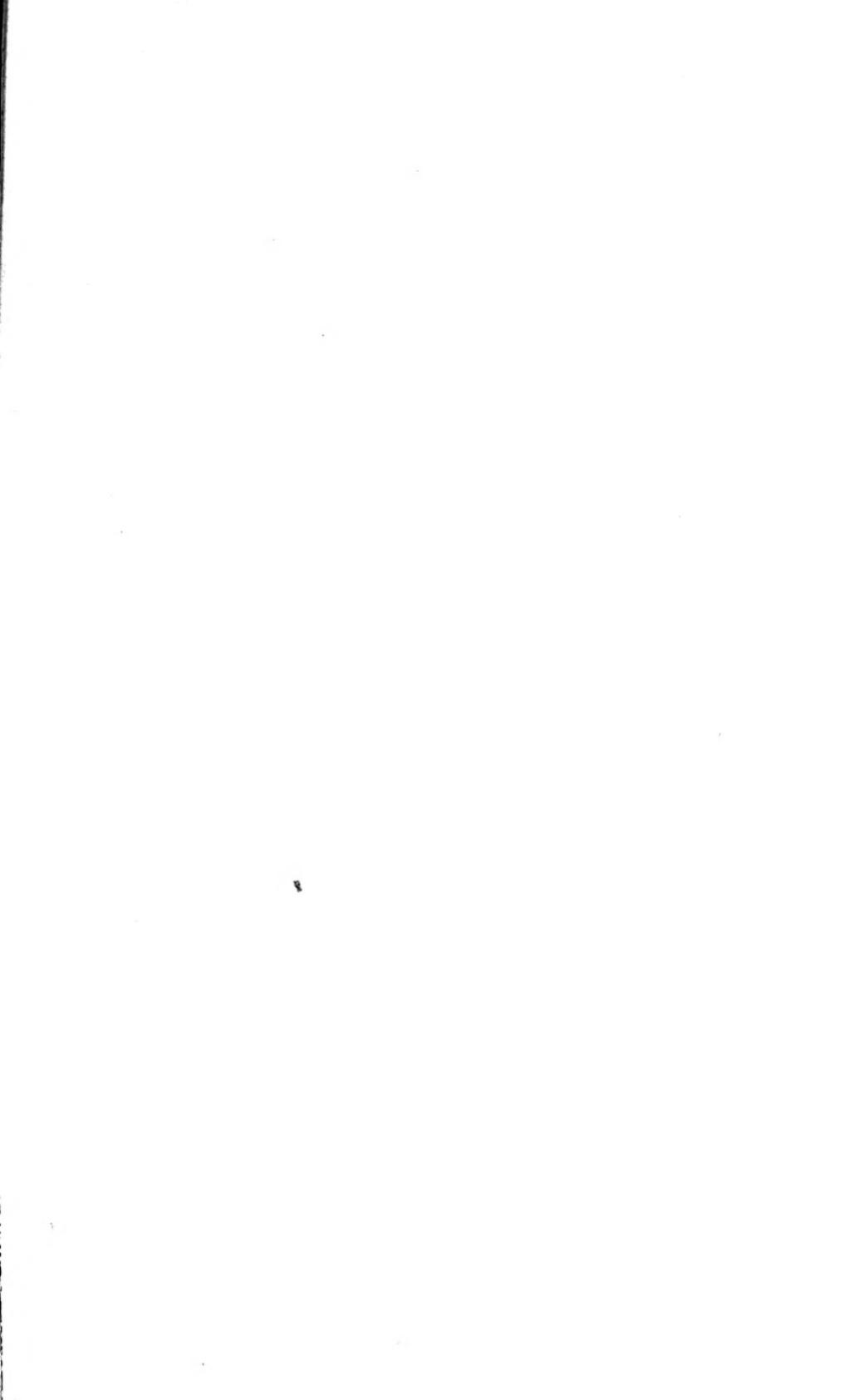
Too long, perhaps, have I waited before recording my friendship with one of the most learned, genial and scholarly men of his time—the Rev. Walter Begley. He was first and best known by his discovery of Milton's "Nova Solyma," which he published in two volumes, with plentiful comment and annotation. Another book which he unearthed and published in *facsimile* was "Cromwell's Soldier's Catechism." Only two copies of this book are known to exist. Begley edited it, with an excellent and learned preface. He also published the "Biblia Cabalistica," "Biblia Anagrammatica," and "Breviarium Anagrammaticum," most remarkable books, which were introduced and circulated by Mr. Begley. There is a vein of mysticism in them all, somewhat resembling that of Thomas Lake Harris, whom Mr. Begley greatly admired. Then followed his first Baconian work—"Is It Shakespeare?" and he answers the question by the assertion of Bacon's claim. His last book, indeed posthumous, is Bacon's "Nova Resuscitatio," a learned Baconian book in three volumes. For a year or two before his death, in 1905, I had frequent and cordial correspondence with him, and he sent me some of his later books. Early in 1905 he wrote, "My nose is constantly bleeding. Can you suggest any remedy?" This was irresistible; I promptly sent him what I hoped would relieve. I had no more letters from him, except to say that ophthalmia was added to the epistaxis, and he could not see well enough to write at any length. Some weeks afterwards his excellent and devoted nurse wrote, "Mr. Begley is relieved by your medicine and values it highly. Can you come and see him?" I did so about the end of May, 1905, and was in constant attendance till he died, early in December, and I followed in his funeral. It was soon apparent that the patient was suffering from cancerous growths in the nasal passages and orbits, and was hopelessly diseased. When I visited him, I found a noble-looking clerical gentleman, seated in an easy chair, with a diaper suspended from his neck to catch the perpetual drip of blood from his eyes and nose. Nothing arrested the haemorrhage except frequent applications of lunar caustic. Soon after he was bedridden, with general loss of power and gradually and constantly increasing stupor. The "Nova Resuscitatio" had been sent to the printer's, but Mr. Begley could not revise or even see the proof sheets, and it was brought out under my supervision. It is a learned and

original book, and indicates several books as written by Bacon, but not before known to be his. Mr. Begley was a childless widower and lived at a house in West Hampstead, full of books in all the rooms and all the passages—many of them rare and of great value. After his death his library was sold by auction, and fetched over £800, and was worth at least three times as much. Several of these books are now in my library, and by the sale of duplicates I gained more than I spent for all the “lots” of books which I purchased. Begley had been a village clergyman, but retired from clerical work and devoted himself to literature. He describes himself as Scholar, Bouquinier, Bouquinist, Bibliophile and Bibliographe, a student of books, a collector of books, a possessor of books, a lover of books, and a writer of books. I possess many unpublished MSS., some of which have appeared in *Baconiana*. I do not think the rest are likely to become public property.

NOTE TO SECTION X.

MR. JACKS, in his book “Among the Idol-Makers,” has a chapter on George Marsh which is thus described in a review in the *Nation* :—

“The Story of George Marsh: His Painful Efforts and Lifelong Failure to be Converted.” These experiences closely resemble those which I experienced when under the influence of John Angell James. The reviewer quotes the following description of them:—“At seventeen, the age at which conversion may be expected, he is placed in the hands of a pious Simeonite, who has reduced the whole subject to the precision of a mechanical diagram. Amongst its primary conditions is Repentance, and George was here gravelled for lack of matter: he was an innocent, simple lad, and, like the young gentleman at Horace’s wine party, could recall no peccadilloes serious enough to breed remorse. He is told that he is not to feel anguish over specific sins, but over his calamitous condition as a fallen creature, so in his prayers that night he repents in dust and ashes as a miserable sinner; but waking next morning particularly jolly, and being, above all things, an honest fellow, he says, ‘O Lord, it is a lie; I am not at all miserable.’ He reads Bunyan, and prays the Devil to come out and fight him, but Apollyon declines the combat. He meets with the vision of the Solitary in ‘The Excursion,’ being by this time at Oxford, and actually visits the spot in the Lakes whence the Wanderer is supposed to have beheld it; but ‘the stream will not flow and the hill will not rise.’ He learns from ‘Literature and Dogma’ that the secret of life is Conduct touched with Emotion. The Conduct is attainable, but the Emotion will not come: the New Birth, with its attendant spiritual joy, celestial insight, conscious acceptance, is as remote as ever. He writes a book on the Psychology of Religion; it converts many readers, but leaves its author unconverted. The close is very beautiful; in talk with Diogenes on his deathbed, George finds that he has been converted all his life without knowing it.”



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